The Sea People

No 65

SEPT 2006

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Contents and Contacts

The Sea People

Magazine of the

Polynesian Catamaran Association

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Editorial	Adios Amigos	5
News	News FOR Sea People	4
	News FROM Sea People	15,18
	Faces of Sea People	32
Seamanship	Anna Sophia Across the Atlantic	6-9
	Corsican Cat Corner	10-11
	Heading Home - PeaceIV	21-24
	Cruising Lake Kariba	25-28
Construction	Canadian Tiki 38 Build	12-13
Hints & Tips	Choosing Sails	14
Pot Pourri	Insuring your Wharram	19
	Letters	28-29
	Ditty Bag	30
	Humour	31

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COVER

Look forward to more of the art of Rémy Roy

From the PCA Constitution:
The objects of the Association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.
"Polynesian Catamarans" shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.

News for Sea People

Publicising the PCA

A letter from Peter Richardson raised a point that members may not be fully aware of. That is that on the PCA website there is publicity documentation that members (and non-members) have access too. To wit, in the middle of the main page, there is a picture of the SeaPeople magazine. If you double-click on the picture, it opens a pdf file (speed depends on your machine and internet connection speed). This file contains a 4 page mini magazine (usually the most current one). To access past issues, go to magazine links and then "Preview" link.,

So, if you're going on a cruise it might be a good idea to print off half a dozen copies of this mini mag along with PCA Application form (also on the website) so you can hand out to people on your travels. I think this would be a great way of publicising our presence , for only a little effort and no major outlay.

Even if you're not going on a cruise, you can still help to publicise our presence by either doing the same or telling folks how to print the info off themselves. I've already done this twice since getting Peter's letter at the weekend .

Buying through our associates link at **amazon.co.uk** and **amazon.com** seems to have tapered off after a promising start. Sooo..,I, personally, will be making a donation of a burgee and two new iron-on badges to a member, randomly drawn at the 2007 AGM. Now the report from amazon does not tell us who bought what, you're anonymously listed but the product you bought, the price you paid and when you ordered it is listed. So we'll post what object won the prize in the magazine and rely on you to come forward with proof of purchase. Hopefully this small inducement will get this source of income moving again.

Dave Peak, your Commodore.

2006	PCA Meets + Other Events of Interest	Contact
Sept	**Jersey C.I.—Granville Race**	**Dave Yettram**
	Chesapeake—Great Schooner Race	**Ann Clement**
Oct 7	**AGM, North Haven YC, Bournemouth**	**Ken Hook**
Oct ??	**Chesapeake Meet**	**Ann Clement**
Dec	Florida Meet	**Gene Perry**
Dec	**Bahamas Rally for Cruisers**	
2007		
June 1-3	**Dutch Meet**	**Dave Peak**
July 14-15	**Brest, Rance Meet**	**Bertrand Fercot**
ALWAYS	**CHECK WEBSITE FOR LATEST INFO– or**	**PCA Office**

How to host a Meet

What's needed to host a meet ?

Enthusiasm & optimism

Minimally one (or two) boats, preferably Wharrams

A couple of anchorages within a day's sail

Pre-designated pickup points

Site for a BBQ or inexpensive restaurant

Free/cheap parking nearby for visitors by road.

Some PCA members have invited members to their areas with little or no turnout but continue to extend the invitation. This is the kind of optimism & enthusiasm needed. I've attended meets at 4 different locations. They've all been different and they have all had their own personalities and charm.

Organising a regional social is even easier -

All you need is to designate a time and a place,. The PCA will willingly assist with notification via website, e-mail, magazine and regional snail-mailings (these usually produce best results).

*** A burgee or item of PCA clothing will be given to all hosts of PCA events/rallies.

Adios amigos

Well guys, this will be my last issue as editor, as I'll be handing the reigns over to Rémy Roy. Rémy won't be a total unknown as his articles and artwork have graced these pages for several years now, as long as I've been editor. Rémy first came to my attention a number of years ago, back at the end of 2001, when there was an upheaval within the PCA committee. Not knowing all the facts, he wrote to me as acting commodore concerned about the problem and the future of the PCA. I was pleased to read his letter as it showed his level of concern and commitment to our future with some comments and suggestions therein. I've been in regular contact with him since then. Rémy is an accomplished artist and professional writer as well as being a student of all things Polynesian. Ken & I approached him to ask if he'd consider serving as the editor this year which, thankfully he accepted. I believe he's absolutely the best person to take Sea People on to the next level.

One of the things that has made my role as editor a pleasant one has been the volume & quality of material that you the members send, so please, PLEASE make the same effort for our new editor. Ken, Anita & I have pledged to assist Rémy with proof-reading for the foreseeable future.

Along with the proof-reading, I'll help Rémy logistically for at least his first year (as will Ken & Anita via the PCA Office) in addition to supplying a number of articles.

Can't sign off for good without thanking contributors such as Ann, Chuck, John, Gunter & Gundi for their ongoing LARGE donations of material as well as the rest of the members with contributions large and small. It has been a pleasure to read your articles and present them to our membership for these last 5 years/ 20 issues.
Cheers guys and as always...Fresh winds and fair skies...

Caio, Dave

Don't Forget! Sign up a new member this year and get a free back issue

All members submitting articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing/burgee/items that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pcatxt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc (MSWord) is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)
(please keep total transmission size to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 @ 900Kb)

© 2006 Polynesian Catamaran Association All members contributions in the form of articles, letters and photographs (B/W or colour print or transparencies) are welcomed by SeaPeople. All material will be returned to the contributor if requested. In any event the PCA can accept no responsibility for loss or damage to contributions. All material accepted solely on the basis that the author accepts the assessment of the PCA as to its value. All material submitted to the magazine is accepted on the basis that copyright in the work will be vested in the PCA who assumes all rights world-wide, in all forms and media. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

PCA Membership Application Form

Hi, if you're reading this and you're not a member of the PCA, is it not time you joined? VISA and MASTERCARD welcome.
It's £20 for a calendar year (approx $37US) and **new** members get 1 free back issue of the Sea People magazine
Your Name (as shown on credit card)..... Card Number.....
Card expiry date ../20..
Your Address.....
.....
Post this to - PCA Office, 118 Howeth Rd, Bournemouth, BH10 5NS, United Kingdom or
Contact the secretary for alternative ways of paying or supplying credit card details to the office
+44 (0)1202 531445 or email Secretary@pca-seapeople.org or PCA@sea-people.org
Please give us phone number, email addresses etc. to help the office and other PCA members contact you.

Across the Atlantic

Guenter & Gundi Zimmerman *Anna Sophia* Tiki 30

On **May 15th** early in the morning the wind left us and we had to start the engine. We were about 21°N and wondered about it, as we had not expected the southern boundary of the horse latitudes so far south. But soon we realised that it was a disturbance from W. We had to pass a chain of heavy clouds but could avoid being hit by a rainsquall. After about 10 hours we could stop the engine and sail on a reach with westerly winds. Shortly after sunset we got into a heavy rainsquall with strong wind. Until afternoon next day we had light winds from various directions. Then the wind was off again and we had to use the engine for another 15 hours. From there on we had southerly winds again but much rougher than during the first days.

On **Monday 22nd** we listened to Herb's Net (USB 12361) on our SSB receiver and were warned of 2 depressions forming WSW from us. Our position was approx. 30°5'N and 045°W. From there on we sailed eastward hard on the wind for 3 days. As we were now far off the course to Flores, we changed our port of call to Horta on the island of Faial. After listening to Herb again we set course on Horta on May 26th. The depressions had run dead meanwhile but a dangerous one followed us now. But by May 29th we were becalmed completely. As we still had enough fuel using the engine was no problem. The next day the wind came back but this time from NE. So we had it straight on the nose. With our 8 hp engine it became a challenge but on May 31st at 04 35 UTC we rounded the head of Horta´s breakwater and anchored in the safety of the harbour. When daylight came the impression was overwhelming. It was if we were put from one world into another. Coming from beaches fringed by coconut palms we were surrounded by an Irish green landscape and a town with a mixture of Portuguese and Dutch architecture, illuminated by a Scandinavian sun. It was like being amidst a fairytale. It took some time until we realised that we had made it. 2242 nm in 21 days, on a W to E course across the Atlantic, it was far better than we could expect from a 30 ft catamaran like Anna Sophia.

Meanwhile the depression has passed us with up to 40 kn winds, moored in a package with a Norwegian monohull on the head of a pontoon, anchors out to windward. The barometer is rising again, wind and rain have left us and we are curious to come to know this beautiful world around us.

After the storm depression had passed in Horta (on the island of Faial) on June 2nd we used a week of heavy rain to rest, read and enjoy Portuguese food in two little restaurants mainly frequented by the locals (o'Lima and a'Arvore). After the front of yet another depression had passed, the weather cleared up on Sat. June 10th. On the morning of this day our Norwegian neighbours (a very nice young couple) set out for England. We climbed a mountain just on the edge of Horta called Monte Carneiro and for the first time enjoyed the view over the town, the peninsular of Guia and Monte Quemado in between.

In the afternoon we had to move again. An English boat with engine problems was towed to our pontoon and we became the outer part of a package once more. The crew of the English boat, Mike the skipper (permanently teased for this position by his friends), Ric and Steve were on a delivery cruise from the Caribbean to Lagos on the Portuguese Algarve coast. They had chosen the route via Bermuda and had run into bad weather. They had lost the vane off the wind-steering device, one blade of the wind generator and their British flag. In addition, the starter of their engine had packed up. We called them the "Three men in a boat" after the book of Jerome Jerome, once a favourite of my mother. Ric is an agricultural chemist and Steve a businessman of Welsh origin. Steve was the main cook of the crew, a bearded "Obelix" called "the whalerus" by his friends. As their sense of humour was very close to ours we liked each other from the very beginning.

Next afternoon we walked up to a chapel on Monte Guia. From there one has a view into the little Caldeira do Inferno, open to the sea at its southern end. It would be a protected anchorage in northerly winds, but entrance is not permitted as it is a nature reserve. To the other side you look down on Porto Pim, the old fortified harbour of Horta and the place where the whalers used to land their prey. Now it is a pretty beach.

On **Monday, June 12th** Gundi started to paint on one of the long stone benches in the harbour, with paint leftovers from the Norwegian couple. It is an old habit of the sailors visiting Horta to paint something onto the walls or the pavement of the harbour, or where ever it is possible. In the evening we were invited for dinner by our English neighbours. Steve is an excellent cook and we had to admit that the old joke of calling the English cooking instructions the shortest book in the world should not be taken too seriously.

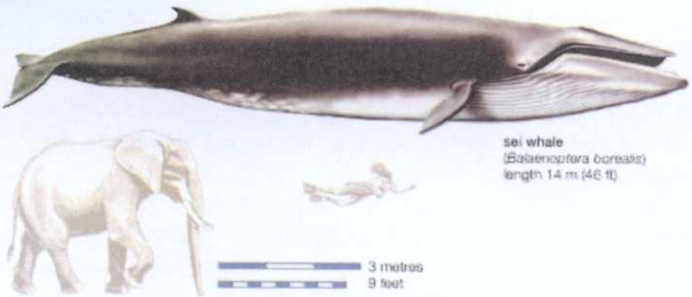
Next morning we rented a car for a day to tour the island. The weather was gorgeous. First we drove up to the rim of the big caldeira in the centre and from there climbed to the top of Cabeco Gordo, the highest mountain of Faial (1031 m). The big volcano opposite of us on the island of Pico (with which it shares the name) only divided by a narrow channel from Faial, was partly covered with clouds and haze but was never the less very impressive. It is Portugal's highest mountain (2351 m). Mike and Ric had taken an early ferry across the channel and were just now climbing it.

After a meal in a restaurant at the impressive steep SW-coast at Varadouro, we drove along a gravel road to the Capelinhos volcano at the western most end of Faial. Here a new peninsular rose out of the sea in a series of earthquakes and huge volcanic eruptions in 1957 and 1958, driving many inhabitants of Faial to emigrate, mainly to the US. It was the last volcanic eruption in the Acores so far. A lighthouse tower survived on the spot and is now a curiosity far away from the sea.

The next day Gundi finished her painting and on Thursday, **June 15th** at 6 a.m we set out for the island of Terceira. The wind was northerly and below 10 kn and so we had to motorsail most of the time. First we crossed the channel between Faial and Pico and then near the Pico coast, set

SEI WHALE the dorsal fin is very similar to that of a dolphin (right)

But much like an iceberg, there's a whole lot more beneath the surface , note the white undersides which vary greatly, like the white on the orcas which is used to identify individual orcas.



course to the SE-tip of Sao Jorge. The Pico volcano was clearly visible, no clouds, no haze, a fascinating mountain. We had perfect weather for nearly all of the cruise (but not enough wind). In the channel between Pico and Sao Jorge the wind was westerly and we could stop the engine and sail downwind with 3-4 kn for about 3 ½ hours. Then the wind went down and we had to use the engine again. At 3:30 pm we had reached the eastern end of Sao Jorge and Terceira was visible.

In late afternoon we had a breathtaking adventure. Less than 50m to starboard the black back of a big whale rose out of the water and sunk below the surface immediately afterwards. All of a sudden we saw the white underside of the huge animal underneath the boat. After some time it jumped out of the water three times, to about 2/3 of its length in 200-300 m distance from us, again showing the white underside. The body had the shape of a cigar and was much longer than our boat. Most probably it was an orca but we did not know that these animals could grow so big. In retrospective the shock turned into fascination but I don't long for a similar encounter at such a short distance…

Some supplementary facts about the whale we met. Sailors in Praia da Vitora lent us a book on the Acorean whales that excludes the possibility of an orca, as all

Volcano Lake

Sete Cidades

types of dolphins (which orcas belong to) don't grow to a length over 30ft. The sperm whale most common in the Acores has to be excluded for the form of its head and because our whale did not show his tail fin when diving. Our observations point to the sei whale growing up to 60ft. These animals don't live in the Acores but single ones pass through regularly. They are often mistaken for fin whales but the latter have a whiter underside.

At 8 pm the western tip of Terceira appeared from the north and we could identify Monte Brasil (overlooking the island's capital Angra). At sunset (9:15 pm) we could identify the Fradinho' rocks, the main navigational hazard on Terceira´s S-coast and soon later the sectorial light of Punta da Mina (Punta das Contendas). At 10 pm we passed the Ilhéus das Cabras to port, two small islands, parts of a sunken volcanic crater. Half an hour later we were clear of the Fradinhos and could pass from the white to the eastern red sector of Punta da Mina light. When we reached the E-coast of the island it was so well lit that we could carry on without using the GPS. At midnight we had reached the big bay of Praia da Vitoria, known as the best anchorage in the Acores.

My chart (bought end of 2005) showed two huge breakwaters sheltering the bay from north and south and a lighthouse on each head. The first we noticed was that the northern (green) light was missing. When we came near to its position given in the chart we saw surf over scattered rocks. So we approached the red light and realised that this lighthouse was standing on an island. In this strange situation a small fishing boat came alongside and showed us the way into the harbour. We were dead tired, anchored near the beach of the town and went to sleep. The boat was exposed to heavy swell. Next morning we could see that big parts of the breakwaters were missing and there was no trace of the northern lighthouse. After we had entered the marina in the NW-corner of the bay we were told that a heavy storm had damaged the breakwaters in 2001. If you buy a chart you assume that such a navigational hazard is mentioned under "corrections".

The marina is new and there is ample space. Its breakwater gives perfect shelter against the swell and prices are much lower than in Horta. Catamarans are charged like monohulls. (In Horta they charge 50% extra.) Internet access is free. In moment it is a perfect place to relax or to work on the boat.

Praia is a quiet little town on the eastern shore of Terceira. The name means "beach" and is quite common among settlements in the Acores. The full name, Praia da Vitoria, is a reminiscence of an ill-fated attempt by the conservatives to invade liberal Terceira, during the early part of the civil war in the first half of the 19th century. The northern part of the harbour belongs to an American military base. In town there are numerous restaurants, those frequented by the locals are cheap and recommended. Only now and then an aircraft approaching Lajes airport, north of town, disturbs the silence.

Sat. June 17th was the day of the bullfight. We were sitting on the high wall dividing the town from the beach, the place of the strange spectacle, amidst nearly all of Praia´s population. The four bulls were kept in cages, wooden boxes not much bigger than its content. Through an opening in the roof of the box, brass spheres were screwed onto the horns of the animals to make them less dangerous. Then the first bull came out. A long rope was fixed to its neck and on the other end of the rope a group of youngsters tried to guide it. Other youngsters provoked the animal to an attack and then fled as fast as possible. The bull sometimes even followed them into the water. But most of the time it stood there irritated shovelling up sand with its hoofs. It was a very static performance. The spectators watched it quietly, no trace of any Mediterranean temper. Soon we left the scene asking ourselves why the poor bull (though not killed) had to suffer from these boys -suffering from their puberty. Later we were told that these games remind people of the so-called "Battle of Salga". In the 16th century the Spaniards tried to invade Terceira, landing at Salga Bay in the SE of the island, but the farmers drove approximately 1000 bulls to the beach and chased them off. Later, Terceira like all of Portugal, became part of Spain anyway.

The first days in Praia were cloudy with occasional rain. For Tue. June 15th the weather forecast was fine and so we took the bus to the island's capital Angra in the morning. Angra´s centre is a perfect example of Renaissance style. In 1980 it was heavily hit by an earthquake but meanwhile perfectly restored. In 1983 it was declared a "World Cultural Heritage" site by the United Nations. The town's full name is Angra do Heroismo, commemorating the resistance of its
population to the Spaniards in the 16th century. I doubt if many of the inhabitants know that they owe the architectural beauty and importance of their town to the Spanish occupation.

We went up to Alto da Memoria, a strange obelisk from the 20th century, on a hill north of the town centre. From there one has a perfect view over Angra and Monte Brasil, a peninsular SW of town. From this monument, stairs lead down through a botanical garden, looking like an illustration of a fairytale. In town, the most impressive building is Sé Cathedral, baroque from outside but unspoiled Renaissance inside. Despite several statues of saints I rather had the feeling of an ancient temple than of a Roman catholic church.

Passing the Castelo de Sao Joao Baptista, a huge fortress built under King Philipp II of Spain, we reached a chapel on the slope of Monte Brasil. Here the view of the town across the harbour is rather disappointing. Too many new buildings don't fit into the old city. But in town we didn't notice any of them and only enjoyed the illusion to be put back for several centuries.

On the way back to Praia in late afternoon, we left the bus at Sao Sebastiao and visited the little gothic parish church, a piece of architecture we did not expect in such a small village. The weather was still perfect. During the next week we did not see the sun at all.

In the marina we met Roland and Cornelia, a Swiss couple from Bern on their steel yacht "Tengai" and later Beat and Gisela from Bale (also Swiss) with their two sons. Their catamaran "Haexebaese" (a Prout Snowgoose) was put next to our boat in the boatyard "Powerboats" in Chaguaramas/ Trinidad in 2003 when we were back in Europe.

During our second week in Praia a depression approached us. The wind became weaker and turned to SW. On Friday

June 30th the front reached us in the afternoon and the wind came northerly again. Next morning we awoke from the shrieking of stays and shrouds. Strong gusts forced the heavy rain into a nearly horizontal direction, a weather to make you turn round and sleep for the rest of the morning. The weather forecast was right. In the afternoon we had sun and in the evening the weather was calm. We left Praia marina at 10 pm for Sao Miguel, assisted by the Swiss crews, our two Danish neighbours and a Norwegian. The Danes had brought a farewell present for us, a delicious seafood pizza.

After leaving the bay under engine power, we set sails and 132° course over ground to a waypoint east of Banco Joao de Castro, a dangerous area of seismic activity. A few years ago soundings reported only 6m water over the top of a seamount. Here a new island is evolving.

The wind was weak and we had to sail straight downwind. For the whole crossing the average speed was 3.7 kn. It took us 23.5 hours to reach Ponta Delgada on Sao Miguel. All that is memorable were three big dolphins, white body with black spots, passing us. They didn't take any notice of our boat. On Sunday July 2nd we entered the big harbour basin in last light. We saw that the marina was overcrowded and anchored near a French boat not far from the northern harbour wall. It was absolutely calm and we had a good and long sleep. Next morning we inflated the rubber dinghy and I went to the marina to report to the police. Anchoring in the harbour is permitted and free of charge (contrary to the information from my Imray-Iolaire-map).

Ponta Delgada is not a very pretty place although it has several nice buildings like Forte de Sao Bràs at the innermost end of the harbour and a number of the inevitable baroque churches. The fort is still used by the Portuguese navy and inaccessible for the public. The town is not centred on tourism like Horta or Angra but if you like the little restaurants of the locals, you will appreciate them - good food and low prices.

The island of Sao Miguel is lovely with several spectacular places. We didn't rent a car but used the bus lines for two excursions, the first to the best known place of the island, Sete Cidades, which means seven towns. It is only a little village but the name comes from stories told and retold for centuries. There is no evidence that there has ever been anything else in this place but the village. It is situated in a large caldeira at the western end of Sao Miguel at the shores of two lakes, Lagoa Azul and Lagoa Verde (blue and green lake). They are connected by a natural channel that is bridged. In bright sunlight one is blue and one green. We could only see two shades of green when we walked along the rim of the caldeira. When the island was discovered by the Portuguese in the 15th century there was a 1200m high densely wooded volcano at this place. When the navigator Goncalo Velho Cabral approached the island in 1444 he couldn't see this mountain he wanted to use as a landmark, but his ship was surrounded by drifting trees. The volcano had exploded and when all the lava and gases had erupted the rest of the mountain collapsed, leaving the caldeira.

The second excursion led us to the tea plantation of Gorreana overlooking the N-coast. It is the only one that survived world war II when access to the European market was lost. Another one was reopened with EU-money in 2000. The island's climate is milder than that of the western or central group, and so tea and fruit like pineapple or avocado can be grown. From here we walked down to Porto Formoso, had a swim in Praia dos Moinhos bay (quite cold compared to the Caribbean) and a nice lunch in the little restaurant O Moinho (the mill). Then we walked up again to the road to Ribeira Grande, passing shady woods and spectacular outlooks over the cliffs of the N-coast. During these excursions or when we were in town we locked our dinghy to a floating pontoon between fishing boats near the fort. Here we could also get water free of charge.

On **Saturday July 15th** our son in law Hannes arrived who had accompanied us already on several long distance sails. The next day we left Ponta Delgada in the afternoon, crossed the bay of Lagoa in gusty northerly winds with nasty waves and anchored in the sandy bay west of the new breakwater of Vila Franca do Campo in the eastern part of the SW-coast. Here we spent the next day with the last preparations for our return to Mainland Portugal. Gundi cleaned the hulls below the waterline and the paddlewheel of the non-working log, protected by her wetsuit.

On **Tuesday July 18th** 7:10 a.m. we set out for Punta de Sagres in the SW of Portugal. For the first two hours there was no wind and the sea was totally flat. Just after we had passed Provocao, the westernmost larger settlement on the S-coast, we got westerly wind, could start sailing and stopped the engine. When we were free of the influence of the island at 025°W, we had NW-winds up to 19 kn with 7 kn boat speed and up to 9.5 kn in surf conditions. It was good sailing until Thursday early in the morning. Then we were becalmed until late evening and had to use the engine. For two nights and one day (Friday) it was fast sailing with southerly winds and very nasty waves beam on. Saturday it was calm again, an extremely bright day, engine weather. In the evening the wind came back, this time from W and later from NW.

On Sunday morning a large group of dolphins accompanied us for some time. In the afternoon the wind became stronger. At 012°30'W we had reached the Portugal trades. Monday, July 24th the wind was blowing hard and gusty from NW and the waves hit the boat hard abeam - tough sailing. At 4 p.m. we had the first sight of the European mainland, Cabo de Sao Vincente, the SW-corner of Portugal. At 6 p.m. (UTC) we reached Punta de Sagres and entered Ensenada de Sagres, a sandy bay on the eastern side of the peninsular, where we dropped the anchor. We had covered 787 nm in 6 1/2 days. After a day of rest we sailed on to Portimao (another 20 nm eastward), crossing the line on which we had left Europe on October 1st 2002 on board "Anna Sophia". Now after 10000 nm we had brought her back home to Europe.

Best wishes to all our friends from

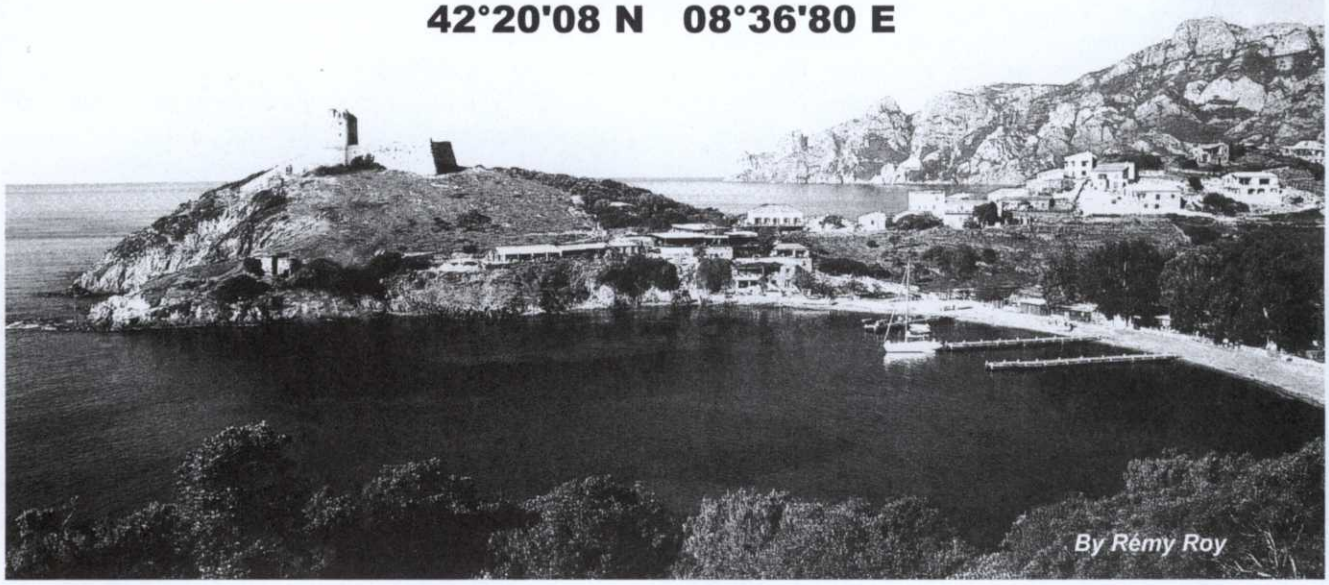
Guenter + Gundi (Zimmermann)

Congrats G+G from all at SeaPeople, thanks for sharing your adventure with us. Dave

PS Gundi, is there any chance of scanning your painting(s) and sharing it/them with us?
Also anyone else with artwork, please let us know.

GIROLATA

42°20'08 N 08°36'80 E

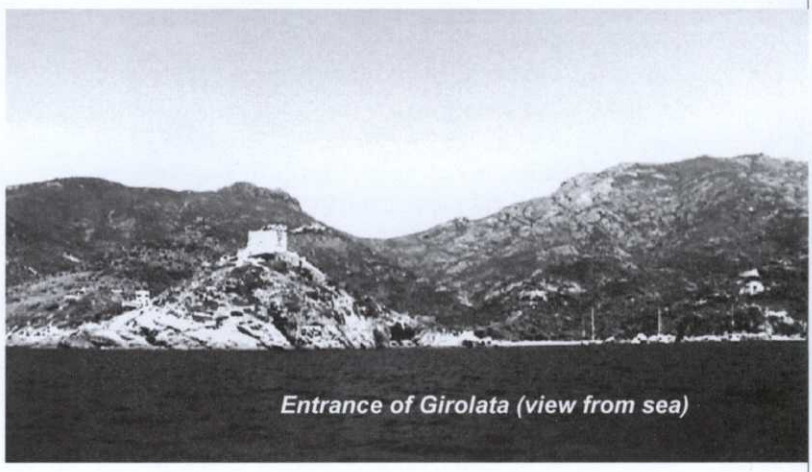


In a sailor's life there are places that give you the shivers. The kind of place where time seems to stand still and where you would like to stay just living on love and fresh water. For many people the top three would probably be Polynesia, Seychelles and Caribbean Islands. But there are other secret places... like Corsica.

In my personal (sailor's) life, Polynesia will certainly stay in first place forever but I have also found some tremendous places to sail near our European coasts.

I love the Isles of Scilly (specially Tresco), the Channel Islands (Sark and Alderney) and Greece (Cyclades). In Europe there is only one place where you can find a little bit of each: crystal and blue water of Polynesia, wildness of Scillies, fjords like in Norway and isolated coves. It is not because I am French but I am proud to announce to you that this place is in Corsica.

Corsica is a miniature continent in itself and you can find there about a hundred of moorings all more beautiful than the one that you have just left. Among those Girolata is a very special port of call that have the preference of the sailors.


Entrance of Girolata (view from sea)

Girolata lies on the NW coast of Corsica and is at the same time the south end of the Scandola Nature Reserve. Just before the sunset the sun gives way to red cliffs and rocks around a colour of fire which will let you an unreal impression.
Girolata is a natural cove sheltered by a little peninsula. The place has no other access than by sea or a very small track for mules. The cove is dominated by a very conspicuous fort with a Genoese tower on top. Arriving from sea, the cove entrance is on starboard of the fort. At night there are no lights.

The mooring place is well sheltered except from the SW winds. In summer the prevailing winds are W but, at night, you can have winds from the shore, sometimes with gusts. So it is preferable to anchor with lines at stern and bow.

If you visit Girolata during the spring season or in autumn that will give you the impression to be out of time. The cove is very calm, just disturbed by the occasional sound of a local fishing boat engine. The worst can be during summer week-ends when more than sixty yachts want to anchor here and when tripper boats can "vomit" hundreds of tourists at midday.

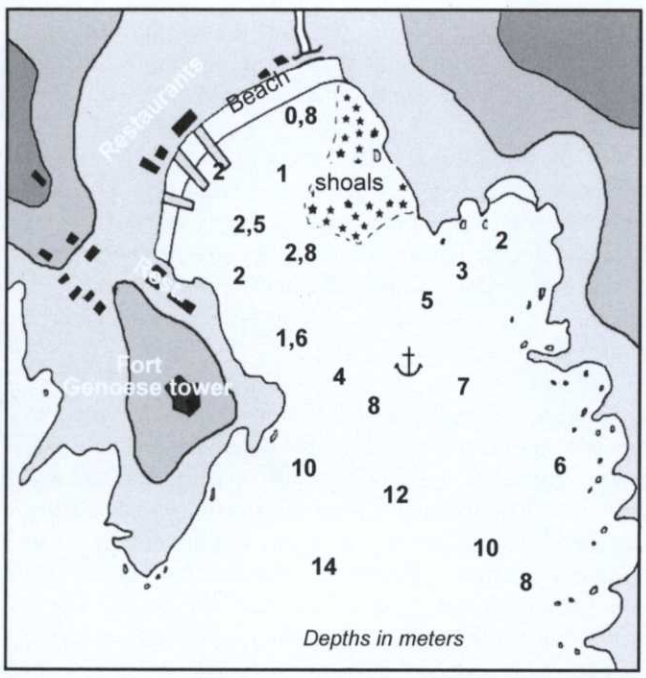
The only hazard is in the very NE corner of the mooring where you have a rocky shoal. Three pontoons are in the NW end of the little beach but you cannot use them as they are only for the fishermen and the tripper boats.

Ashore you have several restaurants. The ones under the fort are more luxurious with nice terraces. Personally I prefer the ones behind the beach, under the trees, where you can eat lobsters grilled on a barbecue, or some tasteful Corsican cooked pork meats and delicatessen (*it is preferable to take an arrangement with the restaurant owner by advance*).

There is not too much facilities ashore (just a very little grocery) but you can buy bread. For the other supplies remember that the prices here are higher than in other ports because of the transport by sea.

To sum up you would probably keep one of your best sailing souvenirs from this place if you have the opportunity to stop here out of the tourist periods and except during a SW gale. I have spent in Girolata some of my best winter moments on board, sympathising with local people and even going to fish and catch lobsters with one of the fishermen.

It is said: in Corsica the time does not have the same value as elsewhere in the world. Here you must never do things that you can do tomorrow…



Scandola Nature Reserve

From W of Girolata to the port of Galeria, in the north, is a very large zone which forms the Nature Reserve of Scandola. This is not only a marine reserve but also a Regional Land Park in which all the peninsula land is included, as well as the sea bed around it. It is totally forbidden to pick-up any plant, flower, rock and to hunt. Naturally fishing or spear hunting is also absolutely forbidden.

You are not supposed to spend more than 24 hours in the reserve and the only mooring place allowed is the Marina d'Elbo which is very beautiful, with its nice little beach surrounded by flaming red hills and a Genoese tower. It is forbidden to camp on the beach and also to make a fire.

Remember that the controls by the guards are numerous, specially during the summertime. Most of the time the guards give explanations and advice but they are sticklers for discipline if you try to "bend" the rules. In case of no respect, the punishment can be as serious as boat confiscation associated with a very heavy fine.

All those rules seem to be very heavy but that is the price to keep this place as one of the wildest in Europe. If you have the happiness to make a stop here and to see one of the last European bald buzzards, you will understand why those rules exist.

The place is also one of the best snorkelling and scuba diving spots in Corsica.

Marina d'Elbo

News from Sea People

June 12/06/06

It really started 24 years ago when, after having crewed on many different monohulls in mixed fleet racing, a friend bought a very nicely built Hinemoa, which was moored on the mainland coast. Lacking sailing experience, he asked me to sail it across the Strait of Georgia with him to his home near Victoria. I balked at first, on hearing the description, thinking this would be boring sailing compared to the boats I was used to. My first sight of the cat reinforced that attitude; the short mast, the simple plywood hull shape and homemade fittings all suggested poor performance to my biased eye. What a surprise it was then, when sails were hoisted and trimmed, and that little beauty took off like a living thing, dancing lightly across the waves with a speed that just had me gaping in disbelief. Sail handling was child's play from that wide, stable deck....a far cry from clawing down flogging Genoas from the wet, pitching, steeply heeled foredecks I was used to. I was a convert.

But sailing dreams took a back seat to raising a family and running my cabinet making business for some 2 decades until I found myself single again and kids grown and gone. Unable to find a good used Wharram, I bought a lovely Marieholm folkboat, and spent a fine summer exploring the BC coast, sailing alone. This experience confirmed my desire to go further, to cross oceans, and fulfill my oldest dream, which was to see the South Pacific from my own boat. But the folkboat wouldn't do; it was too old, too slow, too small, and worst of all, a potential sinker. It was time to send for the Wharram Design Book and there followed 6 months of research (including other designers). I was drawn to the clean lines of the Tangaroa IV but the final decision was based on allowing for the possibility of finding a new partner and having a boat large enough to be a truly comfortable home for extended periods. I chose the Tiki38, and not because I thought it would be easy or cheap, but because it fit my cruising philosophy in a way that no other designer's offerings could. And having previously built a Farrier trailer-tri for a paying customer, I was familiar with ply/epoxy construction.

So, in the spring of 2003 up went the building shed, large enough to house the entire boat. It was made of industrial grade tarps that I made a custom framework for, so it looks almost like a pre-fabricated shelter but at a fraction of the cost. It is designed to be taken down easily and reassembled so I can sell it later. To counter the high humidity of this coastal climate, a low-temperature dehumidifier runs year round to keep moisture inside at a steady 40%.

I found it most exciting to draw out the lines for the backbone and see the shape full size for the fist time. These boats are just so beautiful compared to the production multihulls, which to my eye are a blight upon the water. I was firm from the outset about sticking to the plans with only the most minor variations, none of which will affect seaworthiness or structure. After all, if I felt I knew more than JWD why not design my own boat from scratch? If you pay a designer good money for proven plans, it makes sense to follow them. Especially when the designer is one of the few original multihull pioneers to have survived their own creations!

For the build I chose Meranti marine ply for it's strength, appearance, and resistance to decay. The specified Douglas Fir may be more ecologically correct but I just don't like the way it looks. Admittedly, the meranti adds some challenge in conforming to the compound curves, as it is quite a bit stiffer than fir ply. To anyone contemplating a build using meranti, I would recommend building in a permanent inner knuckle stringer to help with lining up the lower hull panels and controlling that frustrating wobble. The minor weight increase would be well worth the trouble saved.

That first summer saw good progress, with both lower hulls completed, glassed, and copper/epoxy coated ready for turning. 15 kg pure copper powder (metal, not oxide) mixed with regular epoxy made a great barrier/backup for the normal anti-fouling I plan to finish with. I also added a full length strip of 6mm thick hard drawn copper to the bottom of the keels as grounding protection. One little deviation from the plans was to round the corner where the bottom of the stem meets the keel. A streamlined depth sounder "blister" was also added for the only through-hull fitting I plan to allow. It is bulkheaded off from the rest of the hull, accessible from inside via a gasketed port in the floor.

Turning the hulls was a breeze using two large "A" frames from floor to ceiling positioned over bulkheads 3 and 6. From each frame was hung a "come along" (small winch) which had double blocks at their lower ends; through these a continuous double line passed completely around the hull. With this set-up I was easily able to turn the hulls without anyone else even present.

The build has slowed since that first year as the need to make a living keeps intruding and I find myself building kitchens instead of the boat, but I knew when I started this would be a challenge and it'll get there even if it takes a few years longer than I had hoped. There was another factor in this; during year two of the build I met and fell in love with the girl of my dreams, and after a year of courtship I proposed to her (in the boat of course!) and two weeks ago we were married... so glad I chose that Tiki 38!

The boat is almost ready to fit the upper hull planking as of this writing. I hope to complete that this summer.

Alf Bangert

Alf's building shed (hope the road access is good), with proud owner/builder

Sail Choices Ben Mullett Tiki 30 *Pilgrim*

As to shopping around for Tiki mainsails I have seen them in all qualities. Absolute best to date is my own Jeckells HydraNet mainsail, which blows Pilgrim past so many other boats. As Chris guaranteed, the material is impervious to stretch and still in perfect shape after reefing down in stages during the F6, 7, 8 in Biscay and some massive gusts in the Canarian Wind Acceleration Zones. Chris also said *"I guarantee that your sails will stand any storm..."* He was right. The rig would part first, in my view.

Downside is that the stitching used back then is sensitive to UV, and will eventually fail in sunlight. This may have changed....? Worth checking.

Mind you, mine have seen a good bit of sun in the last 7 years, and the only re-stitching needed was when the jib cover split whilst I was away. Should have unrolled it and stored it below.

Worst Tiki mainsail was on our *Sanyati* and the **Sail Safaris** fleet on Kariba. They used an American company based in South Africa, and a worse mainsail shape I don't recall. What they seemed to have done was cut a deep mono mainsail (with a 'step' at the luff to pick up on the flow to the lee of the mast) and tack it onto a luff sleeve. Bag o' washing would have had better flow.

I had a run-in with their representative on a forum. A potential customer in SA had asked my advice, so I told him all. The idiot then started raving at me until I gave him the sail numbers of the boats I had examined..... suddenly all was silent....

Sail makers can be as mendacious as boat builders. I was doing what you are now about ten years ago, and called **everyone**...

... K*** sails were one of the best for entertainment.
Mr K*** himself took my call and professed great experience in Tiki sailmaking, *'Made dozens of them...'* he burbled. Amiable chap.
What did I know? Perfectly possible.

We were getting down to the short strokes of specification when he tried to sell me a 'Stak Pak' for stowing the sail ... . on the boom! He was using a hands-free 'phone, I think, so I hope his entire office heard me tell him he was a ******* liar who had never even seen a Tiki sail, since it was boomless, and I would not trust him to make a bedsheet square. Moreover, I promised to tell everyone I met about his lying, and I surely have done that! Word of mouth is good....

Suspect he was not alone, mind you. I became very guarded after that, and listened to JWD most carefully. It paid off. It's not just me, Rich can spend hours gazing up at my mainsail muttering *"Perfect, perfect...."* and that's after reefing down in that gale.

The best value deal in Tiki sails was from dear Don at D-Sails - lovely man. Just cut them very flat and let the wind shape them. Not as perfect as my erotic Jeckells, but very good for the money - about half the Jeckells price I paid, but a much less tough and less expensive sail material. Sadly, Don died, and I heard that his skilled apprentice was persuaded to jack it in and thus lost the chance to inherit the business. So sad.

There is a bunch selling those sail kits on the web, too. Not sure I trust my own sewing for the main rig. Force 8, remember.

All the best, Ben

In Memory of Nick and Jani Armstrong.

I wonder if anyone can still remember Nick and Jani Armstrong.

Nick was for 2 years (1980/81) editor of the "Sailorman". They emigrated to France, but I don't know why and lost touch with most of the members of the PCA but kept in touch with Bill Hather who, like Nick, had a TANE called "Manu Rere", and with me.
Nick sent me all the news from the French yacht magazines – like "Bateau", "Voile" etc - which we do not get, or anything that he heard of or saw that would be of interest to us.

He also defended/explained to editors of the French yacht magazines James' "unique" catamarans – being a/was "avant garde", and he corrected any mistakes regarding our pioneering voyages 1955-59.

Nick was a very active member of the PCA in the early 1960s, ie 45 years ago, so that most of the members seem to have forgotten him.

We always sent him our news with the usual Christmas cards. Then, after last year's card we did not hear from Nick until March this year, when he wrote that he did not have the heart to send out any cards because Jani had suddenly died on 17th October last year from a brain tumour which was discovered too late to be operated on.

He wrote that he was rather despondent since they had just bought a new boat but felt that he may give up sailing.

Immediately I wrote back to Nick but again I did not hear anything from Nick until their daughter, who must have found my letter, phoned and asked for me, to say that her father had also died. I could not take the call, as I was out at the time, and she did not leave any address – not even her name – and letters to the old address were returned.

However as Nick had been such a very good friend to me/us, I would like him remembered in the "SeaPeople" magazine, particularly after such a tragic end of their lives.

Ruth Wharram

Can any members help us trace Nick & Janis' daughter for Ruth, any details would be useful as I've been able to successfully trace some lapsed members in the past. Dave P.

News from Sea People

SCOTLAND - LOCH MELFORT

The first Scottish PCA meet since 1998, over the weekend of 24-25 June a total of eight PCA members (including the Commodore!) met up for some sailing and polycat chat on the west coast of Scotland. We were based comfortably in Craobh Haven, though might have chosen to spend nights at local anchorages had there been a few more boats. Peter Richardson's *Toroa*, also present in 1998, showed up faithfully, while John Cooke trailed his new acquisition *Sunshine* from Edinburgh.

On Saturday morning we set off after meeting up at Craobh Haven. Here's *Toroa* as we set off to sail around Shuna.

Having rounded the south end of Shuna (where John spent a lot of time on Sunshine being inspected by a herd of cows, who must have wondered why he kept coming back to see them), we rafted up in Kilchattan Bay off Toberonochy. Lunchtime was declared and a great feast was had by all.

At the Loch Melfort Hotel on the Saturday evening. Judy Jameson had brought a lot of photos of John's trip on Taraipo (articles in various SeaPeople magazines). Attending were L to R—Andrew Manson, Peter Richardson, Judy Jameson, Dave Peak, Kay Gilmore, Brian Gilmore.

We had a few beautiful sunsets., to remember.

John Cooke Sunshine Tiki 21

Friday: Met John & Peter at Craobh Haven Marina after a dampish drive from Edinburgh after overnight ferry from Zeebrugge.
While Peter took *Toroa* to an anchorage just outside the marine, John made *Sunshine* ready for his maiden sail on her. John and I sailed her round to pick up Peter from the anchorage.
Conditions were pretty overcast with F2-3 winds, dying occasionally in the wind shadows of the hills/mountains bordering Loch Melfort.
We spent about six hours sailing and discussing *Sunshine*'s pros & (minor) cons, what could be tweaked here and there. John seemed delighted with the way she performed.
Back at the dock, John Harris had called to inform that his car had broken down en route and it seemed terminal for the trip, exacerbated by the fact he was halfway between home and the meet ☹
We left a message for Brian & Kay Gilmore at their hotel to try and meet up at around 10 a.m. Saturday.

Saturday. Brian & Kay arrived and we split up crews, with Brian & Kay spending shifts on both *Sunshine* and *Toroa*.
Due to the light winds, we decided to head out of Loch Melfort and sail around the island of Shuna hoping for better breezes. Progress in the morning was mixed, from dead calms to almost 5-6 knots at times.
We anchored for lunch off the small village of Tobernochy, capital of Scotland we were told ;-), as the sun started to make it's presence felt through the breaking clouds.
Saturday evening was spent at the Loch Melfort Hotel with beautiful vistas of the Loch from the dining room window. We were joined at dinner by Andrew Manson and Judy Jameson.

Sunday: With more predictable winds and sunshine forecast, we decided to sail up to the head of Loch Melfort, where years ago locals on the foreshore had repelled Peter from landing. The decision was deemed a success at dark clouds crowded of Craobh Haven.
This time a solo seal was a tad friendlier surfacing a number of times, well more inquisitive anyway but never came closer than about 30 yards away. He she stayed around for 20 odd minutes before sliding away under the surface.
Lunch was spent at anchor in glorious sunshine, lightheartedly trying to coax a lamb to join our crew.
The afternoon drifted by too quickly as we drifted back towards the marina in dying breezes.

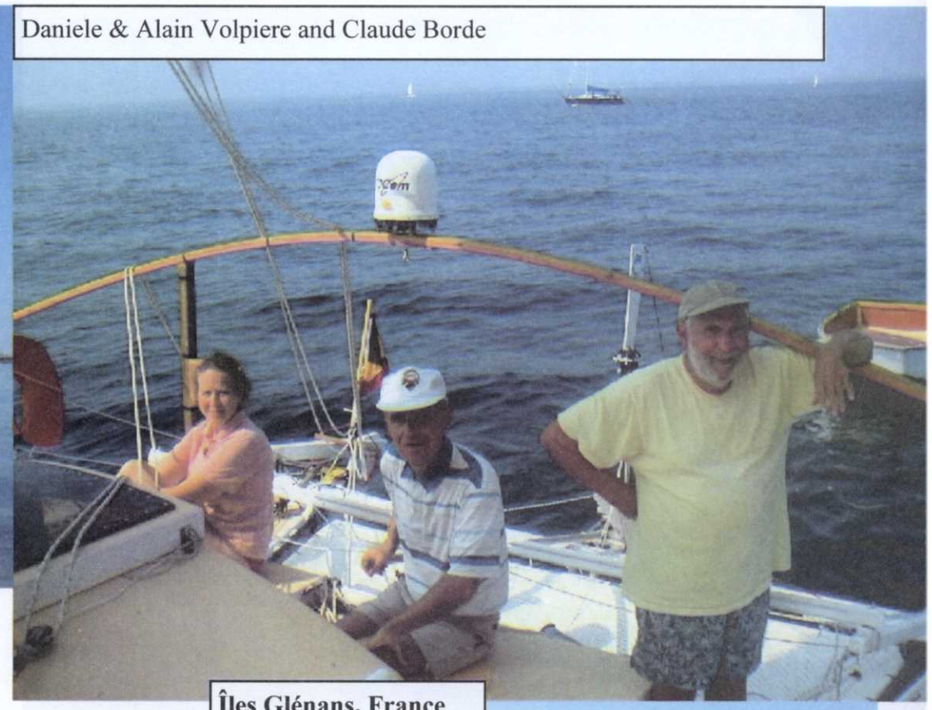
Monday. John broke down *Sunshine* for trailering home in even brighter sunshine as Peter headed Toroa out back to Gairloch.

Dave Peak aboard *Sunshine* & *Toroa*

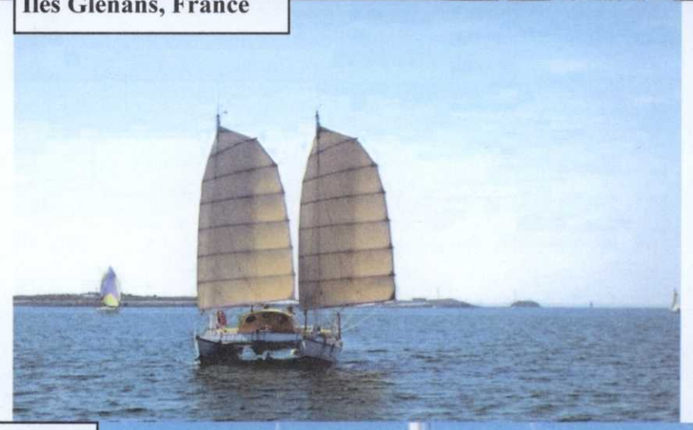
Lunch on Loch Melfort, in Bagh na Dalach. The sun always shone for lunch! A fine spread! Peter was a fantastic host for us.

Toroa from *Sunshine* in Seil Sound.

Daniele & Alain Volpiere and Claude Borde



Îles Glénans, France



Loch Melfort, Scotland

Here is *Sunshine* moored at the pontoon; lots of firsts for John - the first time *Sunshine* was in the water, the first time John had used an engine, and the first time John was able to live on board his own boat, being used to the 14 foot Aoraki.

2006 Meets

Craobh Haven

Here's the panorama. Craobh Haven is visible in the distance.

Isle of Wight, England

News from Sea People

SOLENT - ENGLAND

EASTER 2006

Our meet was neat and compact - yes, you guessed it; most of the time it involved only one boat! Hum-along (our Tiki 21) set sail, with its crew of two, from Mengham Rythe, Hayling Island, late morning on Good Friday, an hour before high water.

The wind was westerly 3-4 and we made good progress, though the wind dropped away for a while when we reached the forts off the Isle of Wight, before picking up for a final gusty ride, as we tacked between two large container ships "parked" outside St Helen's Fort and made our way towards the channel and our overnight destination of Bembridge. It was quite chilly on the water, but once we had run up the beach and got the tent up, the sun was really warm (though conditions were still not quite balmy enough to persuade Joy to take her woolly hat off - see photo!)

After purchasing some wonderful frothy coffees from the excellent Tollgate Cafe, Michael Taylor (in the process of building a Tiki 28) and Guy Willing (previously owner of Sunshine (Tiki 21), now skipper of a Tiki 26) joined us in the sun.

Guy had to work that night and the next day and Michael too had work commitments, so neither were able to get out on the water, though it was great to see them for a while and we hoped that Ken Hook would be arriving shortly too, as he had planned to sail up from Poole in Skinny Dipper.

After a chat and a call from Ken to say he'd been delayed by a day, we were left to prepare our tea and then, unfortunately, not to relax but instead to fend off some of the local teenagers. They had made a bonfire on the beach and decided, after a few beers that it would be a good idea to try and clamber on board at various intervals throughout the evening. There was ultimately no harm done (on either side!), but this did appreciably extend our bedtime and was not much fun at the time.

The next day, we were blessed with an easterly wind and an easy sail round to Cowes, rather than the usual beat and a soaking which the prevailing south westerlies normally provide! We almost felt guilty - it was all too leisurely and pleasant. Still, we coped! On arrival at Cowes, we went and had a quick look at Guy's new boat, moored just near the break-water, then motor-sailed up the Medina to Newport - which was very busy - just squeezing into the last available berth.

It was drizzly in the afternoon. Allan went for a walk whilst Joy snuggled into her sleeping bag to catch up on the some of the sleep she'd missed out on the night before, thanks to the Bembridge revellers!

We had hoped that we would meet up with Ken here. However, we weren't able to get in touch with him, as he had a problem with a damp mobile 'phone and no working radio on board. The next day, however, as we were leaving the Medina and approaching the edge of Cowes, we recognised a familiar looking mast and realised it was a Tiki. Ken had spent the night at Newtown River around the corner and had now come in search of us. It was a beautiful morning. We both dropped our anchors outside the channel and rafted up for a quick brew, a chat and some delicious cake (courtesy of Ken's wife, Anita).

As Hum-along was aiming to return to Chichester Harbour on the Sunday (friends due to arrive on Monday), we unfortunately couldn't stay long, so, after a few quick photos, we were on our way. (Sorry Ken - we didn't really have time to say goodbye properly!)

The ebb was running at the harbour entrance by the time we reached it. Thankfully, the wind was fair and strong enough for us to make reasonable progress against it as we surfed in.

Once we dropped the sails and turned up into the wind to reach Mengham Rythe, the engine came into its own and got quite a workout! We just managed to make it back onto our mooring before the water gave way to mud - and the small but perfectly formed Easter 2006 Solent Meet thus came to an end!

Joy Russell and Allan Jones *Hum-along* Tiki 21

ÎLES GLÉNANS - FRANCE

PCA meeting at the Glénans (South Brittany) 13th to 17th July 2006

On board *PHA*, our **Tiki30** with 2 free standing junk rig we (Bertrand and Marie-Hélène) arrived at Les Glénans on Monday 10th in the afternoon with light wind and a lot of sun. We anchored in the north of the isle "du Loch" in front of its beautiful sand beach. At low tide we grounded smoothly and enjoyed this marvelous place.

On Wednesday 12th in the afternoon, Claude (Borde) onboard his Tiki28 Léonardo arrived from Charante via Lorient and we had dinner together in the central cabin which is very comfortable when the top is raised.

We expected 2 another cats. Unhappily, the Tiki 38 *Kamiloa* with her new owner John and his family had some problems with a rotten part of one of her top masts So on arriving at Belle-Ile, he preferred to sail back to Noirmoutier to check and to repair the mast The second cat, the Tiki28 *Tigaki* of Jean-Michel (Bader) after leaving Erquy (North Brittany) has had so some troubles and sailed back to Erquy to repair : abeam Bréhat, due to strong current and lack of wind her port rudder hit a buoy and was damaged.

On the Friday, we motored to Isle St Nicolas where the ferries from the mainland arrive, to meet and welcome on board Danièle and Alain (Volpierre), who own a little mono-hull *Sylphe* and a Hobie cat. We sailed back to the Ile du Loch to enjoy the mooring and the beach.

On the Saturday, Claude left his Tiki28 anchored and all together on board *PHA* we sailed (and motored when no wind) around the archipelago (that is Les Glénans) and stopped to bathe and eat in the east of the isle Penfret

Insuring your Wharram Gary Hoyle Tiki 26 *Pilgrim*

An oft repeated request is that of which companies will insure Wharrams, especially self built epoxy ply models. This subject came up on our (woefully under utilized) PCA forum and Gary Hoyle came up with this very useful list.
I think this is SO useful I hope to incorporate it into the yearbook (in condensed form).—Editor

Thank you everybody for your input.

After much online form filling, emails, and phone calls to various insurance brokers I have finally found a few companies that will still cover ply/epoxy Wharram's. These companies will also cover single-handed sailing, including overnight. Below is a list of the companies and quotes received based on the following information about my boat, and the type of cover I required:

1995, Ply/epoxy Tiki 26.
Sum Insured £7750.
Private and Pleasure use only.
Laid up 1st Nov to 31st March.
Swinging harbour mooring.
Cruising Area: UK Inland and Coastal Waters including the Isles of Scilly and Channel Islands, Brest to Elbe and Ireland.
Single-handed sailing
I have full no claims discount
20 years experience in various sailing craft from dinghies to 31 foot cruising yacht, day-sailing and longer coastal passages and cruises in UK Coastal Waters.

QUOTE 1: Noble Marine Insurance
Premium: £244.13 Excess: £750
www.noblemarine.co.uk

QUOTE 2: William Rogers Insurance Brokers
Policy details: Mercia Marine
Premium: £183.09 Excess: £250
Tel: 01736 369488

QUOTE 3: Euromarine Insurance Services
Policy details: Norwich Union Sailplan
Premium: £152.65 Excess: £100
www.euromarine-ltd.com
01843 603345

QUOTE 4: Euromarine Insurance Services
Policy details: E.I.S. Sailplan (underwritten by Lloyds)
Premium: £134.94 Excess: £150
www.euromarine-ltd.com
01843 603345

All of these quotes include a deduction for full no claims discount. I am sure there might be a few more companies if you search hard. I am not recommending any one company over another, as it is down to you to check them all out and see who offers the best cover for your own individual requirements. I took up the cheapest quote, because for my circumstances, they all offered the cover I required.

If you are looking to insure a Wharram in UK or European waters I hope this will give you a starting point and save you a lot of leg work.

If you can add to this list, please drop me a line. Euro & N.America sources are useful too. I added my experiences with my old Naraii in the states on the forum with Allstate (they would only insure your boat if you already had life/home/car insurance with them. But very easygoing.

➡ between rocks at low tide and return in the evening to the isle Loch.

Sunday the 15th in the morning, Claude sailed back to Lorient. After he'd left, we welcomed Benoit (who has built a Hitia17) Santa Sardinha, with his son and a girl friend, also at St Nicolas.

So we were 6 adults and a child. Happily the Tiki hulls accept the additional load easily and we sailed to the east coast of the isle du Loch and anchored to bathe and to eat. At the end of the afternoon, Danièle, Alain and the girl friend of Benoit took the ferry and we ended the day with a fine late afternoon sail.

On Monday the 17th, with Benoit and his son we sailed again in the archipelago and stopped near the little isle les vieux Glénans until their return on the ferry.

The weather was almost tropical conditions except the temperature of the water which was not warm enough.

Later we had arranged to meet friends on their aluminum catamaran of 8.5m and we sailed back to the Rade de Brest on the Thursday 20 where we met Jean-Michel and Anne on Board their Tiki28 with her rudder repaired in l'anse de l'Auberlac'h, where we had a very good diner on board *Tigaki*. Next morning the 2 Tikis sailed together towards the river l'Aulne to the new anchorage of PHA on a buoy near Rosnoen.

As there was no other PCA boat headed for the Douarnenez meeting and as we had already spent 2 weeks in June sailing to Falmouth, Plymouth and the Scillies and now this cruise to the Glénans, it was time to work hard on the building of our TIKI46. So we decided against going on to Douarnenez the next week-end.

Difficult decision, but if we want to launch her in the Spring 2008 we needed to spend more time building.

Next year to have more free time (for building) we plan to have a meeting on the week-end of 14-15 July in the Rade de Brest where there are a lot of possibilities to anchor and for people interesting in building, there'll be the opportunity to visit our Tiki46 with the possibility to camp in our garden. (It's a VERY big garden—Ed)

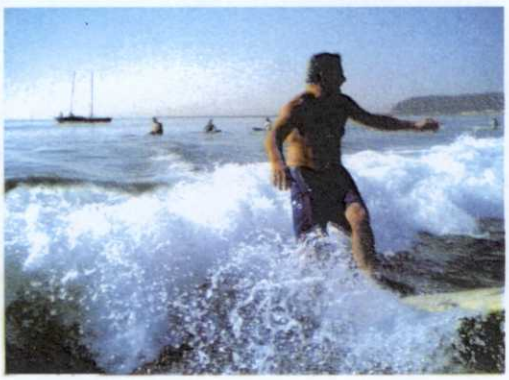
Bertrand & Marie-Helene.

RITUALS

As the hunter of the east shows itself over the Indian Ocean horizon, a deep water voyaging canoe, TIKI, ghosts out of a bay on the warm east coast of southern Africa.

Crew-members quietly drink tea, a popular brew in these parts. They feel the smooth surge of the hulls as the breeze slowly makes its presence felt on the sails. The gurgling of the bows becomes slightly louder and they are energized by the sound and the motion. Not much is said.

Heading NNE, parallel to the shoreline, just outside the break, the crew watches the waves until they find their spot and then drop anchor. They throw boards into the water and jump in after them.

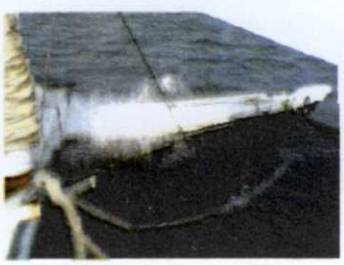


Paddling towards the shore, they are picked up by a swell and surge towards the beach. The age-old ritual of "catching" waves is repeated until they tire and paddle back to the TIKI.

More tea is brewed and there is lively chatter now.

A gannet plummets from the sky, wings folded, in a streamlined plunge into the water, right next to the boat. It comes up with a glistening fish in its beak.
The crew weigh anchor, set sail and head seaward in a freshening breeze.

The dolphin won't come and play today. They stay a short distance away, but still thrill the crew with their antics.



Reaching into what is now a 20-knot north-easter, the TIKI rides the swells at 10 knots +.

A quiet run back to the bay…bodies nicely weary…
the calm of the protected mooring is welcome…
the seapeople are happy…
the land is easier managed today…

Year: 2006 ?
Place: Durban, South Africa
Lat: 29*50S Long: 31*03E
Declination of the Sun: 23*S

Peter Chaplin & "crew" on Tiki31, Just Mabel, on a Summer Solstice Surf/Sail

This piece from Steve Vandenberg was superbly presented as a page and a half Word document. We have had to change the layout and have not done it justice. Please do more Steve, but based on A4 page size.

Heading Home - PeaceIV

May 15 2006 When you spend as much time cruising as we do, there is an eagerness that creeps in as you get nearer to "home". I know, we live aboard and we are always home, but the American part of the family is clustered mostly in the Providence, Rhode Island area and we started to count the days as we sailed down the Delaware River. We breezed through Cape May and were ready for a little rest by the time we got near Atlantic City.

There are some special people who care for cruisers there. The inlet has breakers each side and the gambling casinos are all on your left as you enter with care following the buoyed channel. Just before you get to the bridge, you make a right turn keeping close to the port side of the tiny inlet into the lagoon and using a rising tide, if you are smart. Sometimes the tiny channel is buoyed or has little sticks to guide you, but we usually just touch here and there as we let the tide take us in. This year we entered sideways much to the amusement of the police boat.

Once inside, there is good holding and the next thing that happens is that Jim Wilcox arrives in his big rowing skiff. This is a brightly painted boat he built from a lot of photographs he took of one like it he saw in Portugal. The sweeping lines, sturdy construction, and healthy shape respond well to Jim's strong stroke. He just loves rowing, but he also loves cruisers. And he took us over to the grocery store, off to buy gasoline, had us in for a meal, and we shared a lot of happy time with Jim and his wife Pat overlooking the lagoon with Peace IV out there at anchor. Some people just know how to be happy and Pat and Jim are like that. I know they have trials and tribulations like everybody else, but they know how to rise above it and find joy and spread it all around. Next time you pass that area, go in to the lagoon, anchor, and nose around Jim's boat. He did a great job building it. And share a little joy with our friends.

Leaving Atlantic City in the morning, we had a reasonable forecast, but the last 25 miles to Sandy Hook in the entrance to New York Harbor, we encountered thick fog. There was no way we could see harbor channel buoys even when the radar said we were in the channel, no way to see the big ship traffic that always goes in and out of there at all hours and in all weather. And there was no choice but to get in around the hook to anchor.

It was a great day for little electrons, and we had the GPS chart plotter going, the radar, depth sounder, Nev was plotting positions every 15 minutes on paper charts just in case we lost power, I kept the VHF radio going and we listened out for other boats. We named the moving radar targets and discovered that "Fred" was a pair of sailboats just ahead of us. I never saw "Thumper" but figure he was a freighter in the main channel. We went in just outside the channel to be safe.

The chart plotter is not reality. You must remember that. The little boat shape on the screen is most likely at the stated latitude and longitude, but sometimes there are areas of the electronic chart on the screen that are incorrect so the little boat sails across what the screen says is dry land. Sometimes the channel is not where the chart says it is and the chart plotter can never see other boats or dangers. But using it along with radar is pretty good. The radar is based on reality. I was seeing a pair of dots and another pair of dots about where the GPS said there were channel markers, and Nev had his paper chart with a boat shaped piece of Blue Tack, which he kept moving along and we talked about what we were doing.

We saw nothing until we were well around the hook and preparing to anchor. It was 2 in the morning, bitter cold, and we were glad I had put a mark on the chart plotter screen where we intended to anchor. There is a bit of space between the maze of fish traps and the cable area where the holding is good near the Coast Guard flagpole. There was no way we could have found that in the fog. A hot cup of cocoa, put the boat to bed, and hit the sack.

I remember the days of fog in New York harbor in the old boat before we had radar and before chart plotters, back when you just got the basics from the Loran C and were grateful for it. Modern electronics are wonderful. It is hard enough even then and keeping all aboard our boat safe is important.

This all brings up the problem of the weather forecasting. It has been wrong almost every day this trip. Really seriously wrong. I have been sailing a long time now, and I know they have lots more information these days for forecasting, but the climate changes are happening fast and the data base they use for predictions can't keep up. Sailors need to be extra careful to be ready to cope with wide fluctuations in weather. That is one of the nice things about this boat. We have the large size boat so the waves are relatively smaller. We can carry the batteries to run the radar, VHF radio, GPS chart plotter, depth sounder, etc. We have the wind generator, the solar panels, and very rarely a small petrol fired generator. We take our time, check with each other, and ease our way along through stormy weather, fog, heavy rain, whatever. Caution, is the base, practice carries the rest of the way. Always I thank Nev for keeping the engines running right with oil levels topped up, batteries checked, electric connections clean and tight, and I make sure we have the charts, pilots, tides, and strategy well thought out in advance. We double-check each other. No room for pride there. We do it together.

June 2 After a flurry of family visiting, we started to phone around to find a marina to haul us out and hit a solid wall of refusals. This one wanted to do the work (high price, of course), that one had no room, another feared lifting a large, flexible cat, and one claimed nearby spray painting would drift onto us. I got so upset I cried, could not sleep, felt sick to my stomach. Hanneke and James wrote to reassure nervous lift operators but they still refused. We tried to get a crane but marinas did not want that either.

I finally made the mental breakthrough. **THIS IS A WHARRAM!**

Surely it is built for independence! We can thumb our noses at marina restrictions and high costs. We can use the beach for free! The tides are 9 feet north of Cape Cod and Peace can stand "on her own two feet". We even have Wharram friends up that way. So we will soon head north and do our work independently. #%@& 'em!

A nearby boat yard has agreed to haul us and to haul our mast too. The cost will be more than 1000 bucks, but it is still a pretty good price.

The date will be sometime near to June 15 or so whenever another boat gets launched so we can get in. It is Brewer's Boat Yard in Cove Haven and the latitude is 41* 45.09'N and the longitude is 71°21.23'W so you can click on google and then go to Mapquest.com, and then print out a map. Google also has it's own mapping service, click ">>more", some areas have satellite views—Ed

We will let you know more exact dates and times just in case you happen to be nearby with a gentle orbital sander, extension cord, and some 100 grit paper. We will have beer and coke for the end of the day and ice to go with it.

We have a firm agreement to haul Peace out using a crane at Walter Green's boat yard in Yarmouth, Maine. The cost is staggering. $1300 to lift out, $50 per day on the land, and $1300 to relaunch. Walter will put us on 8 inch blocks for Nev to get at the keels (which need to have stainless steel keel bands removed) and the yard will supply electrics and water. We must use electric sanders to prepare the hulls for their first ever proper antifouling paint and we do not want to use electric tools on a wet sandy beach between tides so that is the reason for the crane. In future we will just run Peace up on a beach with the tide, scrub the old ablative paint by hand with a bristle brush on the first tide, and re-paint using quick drying ablative paint on the tide the next day. This will be north of Cape Cod in 11 foot tides one or two coats per year using much faster drying paint than we got at a good price a few months ago. It will be a free haul out on the beach if we get the fast drying paint next time.

Yarmouth

But this year the crane is needed and the costs have us reeling. I will need to sell retirement funds to pay for the crane. And to make it worse, this is the year our old car died and we needed to buy a "new" car plus help our daughter with rent while she is back in school. So we will be strict about tightening our belts.

Meanwhile, we have painted the decks a pretty blue gray with non-skid and it really looks nice. Next we will open one of the many spare cans of the cream colored paint to touch up some chipped areas here and there and will repaint around the waterline where it needs it. And then Nev will sand the slatted deck and I will paint it a light tan with some non-skid in it after we return from Maine. That should greatly reduce future maintenance work schedules and increase safety at sea. The tan paint on the slats will be cooler on bare feet than the Cetol, which has darkened over the years, and become slippery.

We are using polyurethane paint, which our friends recommended. They use it for the floor of their Bahamian beach cottage where heavy traffic of wet feet carry sand into the house and later on, people with shoes grind it into the floor. They put Glidden polyurethane interior/exterior porch paint on the floors inside the house and on the porch and outside steps three years ago and say it looks brand new. It is recommended for wet and dry weather conditions, extremes of hot and cold, high ultra violet, and high traffic. Sounds like our boat, doesn't it? With Behr non-skid additive stirred in, it covers well, is cheap, and there are lots of colors to select from. It is glossy and I would prefer semi gloss, but we can live with that. The non-skid additive is excellent. Not too sharp on bare bottoms, but great grip for feet.

The deck colors we selected remind Nev of the deck of his old boat, which was blue and me of my old boat, which was tan. Sometimes it reminds me of that Martha Stewart and her everlasting pastels, but it is pleasant and easy on the eyes in bright sun, and it's cool on the feet too. You buy the paint by the gallon at Home Depot. I am using a brush but one person could use a roller and another person could follow tipping it off with just the tips of a bristle brush.

The windshield is finished and the hard top too and we have collected some water off of it already. That will be greatly appreciated in the Bahamas over the winter. But already we appreciate being dry or shaded in weather that it wet or too sunny.

During this frustrating time of waiting to haul out, we have attended to lots of personal business. Nev has gotten his green card US permanent resident papers,

Photo courtesy of NASA - Hey Ann, don't go thinking that a third hull is a good addition ;-)

I am applying for my US government pension now that I am 62, and we have spent much needed time with family. We have been catching up with our medical care and are again both free of prescription drugs.

Our son Clayton and his wife Sarah have made excellent progress on their Wharram Designs Tiki 30 even though they both work 6 days a week. By doing a little each morning, they make steady progress and the work is excellent. Helping Clayton and Sarah with their boat building is made even more pleasant for us because of their hot tub. We help a bit, then get into the tub a bit, then wrap in a big towel and help a bit, then back into the tub with cold drinks and fresh fruit. Meanwhile the kids are beavering away inside the basement. For us it is very nice and we are showing them how to get the job done easier, cheaper, and faster. The other kids and grand kids are all doing well.

While in Rhode Island, we spend part of each week sharing John Kellam's house making minimal physical alterations in the house to keep him comfortable and safe there at home as he approaches his 90th birthday. Cable TV, minor adjustments to furniture, changing some bills to auto pay, and tiny changes to the diet and exercise seem to keep him well and contented. His neighborhood is friendly, safe and folks watch to see if his window blinds go up and down each day. Soon I will use some of our porch paint with non-skid on his front steps. We will test it out with the snow shoveling which is only now done by the young man across the street. I have simplified much of the gardening and Nev cleared out the basement. Uh, but then he filled it with boat stuff...

We appreciate John's many helpful activities that make ur sailing lifestyle safer, easier, and somewhat more orderly by checking the mail, overseeing our bills, etc.

I mention these details because many cruisers have elderly folks at home they worry about. For the most part, frequent communication by mobile phone or email, small physical changes in the home, and folks dropping by will be all that is needed to keep older folks contented at home which is where most want to be. Cruising is possible in most cases if there are family and friends dropping by or phoning, lending a hand with heavier chores as needed. Of course

John is a person who has been independent and a rugged outdoorsman all of his life. But watching his passage through the decades is teaching us a lot about what we need to plan for in our own lives. God willing, we hope to do as well. And his efforts with our mail are essential, as every cruiser knows.

June 28 We are in thick fog this am which we hope will clear enough for us to sail up the Cousins River to Walter Green's boat hard in Yarmouth, Maine. We will go up at mid tide rising and he will come out in his dinghy to help us tie up.

The sail "Down East" to Maine was typical in that we had a good following wind, lots of sunshine for part of the trip, and got socked in with thick fog the rest of the way.

The Maine sailing is complicated by fog, zillions of tiny islands and rocks, and more lobster pots than I could ever have imagined. With our two outboard motors located in a vulnerable position between the hulls, it made for a rather sporting exercise in slalom sailing between the floats.

We got into the tiny Cousins River and could not see either shore from the middle even though I could probably throw a stone across. But once the fog lifted we saw lovely woods, a seal, a doe nursing her two spotted fawns, and a family of ducks swimming down river. We anchored in the river, which dries at low tide but the mud flats are friendly to our twin hulls. Then we took the dinghy up to see the place Peace will be hauled.

The yard is full of hot looking multihulls, and the sheds are well organized and bright. It is not run like any boat yard I have ever known. If you need to use any of their tools or equipment, just ask and they are happy to let you - it is more like a club in that regard. On this rainy day, lots of work was getting done.

It has been raining here in Maine for about 70% of the time all spring long so folks kept working outside until the rain got pretty heavy. That was just after the turn of the tide, so we had to leave before coffee break but will get better acquainted when we are lifted ashore.

Walter was kind enough to row out into the river when we arrived and he came aboard to see our boat and discuss the haul out and our boat's particular characteristics. He and Nev poured over the plans. We feel confidence in him, but I suppose I will worry until we get back into the water all safe and sound at the end of the job.

June 29 There will be a huge crane to haul us out. It must reach out into the river to get us and then lift us completely out. Because of the reach, the crane must be large. The other multihulls are smaller than us and lighter because they are foam and fiberglass construction rather than plywood, so they are lifted out on a small trolley or using a small crane attached to part of a bus. But the big crane is here often enough so we saw many places where its feet had been set on the shore earlier in the year.

There is a bit of a home-grown atmosphere here in that all the yard's own lifting gear is home made, but it looks tough and reliable. There are obviously lots of clever people and no lack of knowledge or skill in building, maintaining, or sailing the fast, foam sandwich multihull racers including lots of trans Atlantic sailing and racing. This yard is multihull central for New England, that is for sure and lots of the names are familiar because the folks are famous.

A couple just stopped by in their dinghy from the big house at the bend in the river. They brought us a bottle of wine to welcome us to the Cousins River, came aboard, and were kindly and amusing. Apparently they wondered what kind of boat we had here, took a digital photograph, sent it by email to a catamaran friend, and he looked at it, sensed that it was a Wharram, and went on line to the Wharram website. Then he saw Peace IV and our letters, emailed the couple back, and said we might be open for a visit. So now Peace has new friends here in Maine and we have another reason to be grateful to the little electrons that made all this possible.

I also have some very old friends only 3 miles from here who may drop by when it is too rainy to work. And my childhood playmate, Martha, and her husband Bob might stop by. They live in Vermont and have a small travel trailer so might take the pretty drive and help for a little while. This boat sure attracts nice people to serve her needs!

July 1 They lifted us out yesterday and everything went well. And the crane man said we weigh 10 tons so we will have to put Peace on a weight loss diet. Fewer spares, maybe less stores, perhaps fewer books, and maybe fewer tools. She is admittedly pudgy in those areas.

With the foremast mast out now, we are relieved to see that the slight damage to the mast case is even less than we thought and the mast is only minimally damaged. Considering the 9.5 knots we were doing when the top forestay fitting failed, it was lucky we did not see the mast falling over the side, but that mast case held and it will be easy to make it stronger than new again. We already replaced that top forestay fitting and will now make further improvements so as to prevent any more of that kind of excitement. The hulls are almost pristine and Nev is easily removing the keel bands and there is no damage there at all. The anchor chain tore off three of the bands, but it happened by ripping the tops off the screws without damage to the hulls at all. So he is fairing it all, I will add more epoxy, and we will just have a longer snubber to keep the chain away from the hulls.

Everything needing repairs can be either bonded, filleted, or coated with epoxy or wrapped in fiberglass. It is all so simple.

Considering how hard we have sailed this boat, she is in excellent condition. Thanks to fiberglass and epoxy.

I guess our only problem is that England did not do well in the soccer. Oh yes, I forgot to mention the mosquito bites... a Maine specialty.

Love, Ann and Nev

Painting Hints and tips

Ann mentions she would prefer a less glossy paint—there's a product called "flattening agent", call the tech support of the paint company, it's usually on the can and they can tell you what name their flattening agent is called and how much to add to get a satin finish or a matte finish.

Also mentioned is Cetol, a product made by Sikkens. I first noticed this back in the early 80s when the guys who imported and prepped the Hans Christian yachts for the US market. It was being used, as I used it on my two Cheoy Lees, as a replacement for varnish. It gives a beautiful satin finish that only required touching up (recoating after a little light sanding) once a year and never needed taking back to bare wood like varnish needs from time to time. The other bonus back then, was the price—$15 per gallon, as it was sold as a household product. But Sikkens got to hear of how it was being used, withdrew it from the home-market and re-branded it as Cetol HLS for the marine market for 4 times the price! Surprised to hear of it being used on deck slats as it's probably quite slippery, as it's designed primarily to repel water, i.e. water will stand on it and create a slippery surface. Unless of course Sikkens has developed a non-skid version and hiked the price even higher!

When I used to paint the bottom (au naturale—the boat not me), I always did it on two successive low tides. First saw me painting one side of one hull, down to the bottom 6" or so; secondly I went after the very bottoms of both hulls, as soon as the boat was really "high & dry" with a fair bit of solvent, to make absolutely sure it was dry before the tide started rising again; then the other side of the first hull. The second tide saw the other hull painted and a second coat of the "accelerated" paint mix for the very bottoms again.

Fully endorse Ann's roller and brush method of painting. I was fortunate enough to spend some time at a professional painter's yard in Florida, where he's stopped spraying boats and only uses roller & brush. He stated he was getting as a a final finish and wasa less toxic environment that a spraying one. The secret? - use the brush lightly to just knock down air bubbles, at 90° to the direction that the roller applied the paint. I've had more than a few comments on quality of paintwork, most think it's sprayed! — Ed

Cruising Lake Kariba Keith Viewing Tangaroa II

Monday, 15th September 1997

We are becalmed off Sampa Karuma Island on a slight swell under a grey sky. It is hot and sultry. Surprisingly it rains but only lightly. Keith has been wondering what to do about the dinghy. It is too small to suspend nicely above the water between the deck and the crossbeam at the stern. So we have been towing it. It is newly built and on its first outing. And while it skips over the waves beautifully it takes water through the centreboard casing and creates unnecessary drag. I encourage him to stow it aboard at the fore end of the starboard hull. "We can pull it up on deck", says I optimistically. Keith is not so sure and thinks about it while drinking his tea.

Keith balances on the crossbeam between the hulls at the stern and unties the dinghy. He then negotiates the gunwale outside of the rigging on the starboard hull and pulls the dinghy around to the bow. Together we try to pull it on board. The small space is taken largely by the forward hatch. "Heave ho" grunts Keith. Heave we do but with little effect. We haven't baled and it is heavy with water. We pull hard a time or two and get the bow up a little. We try again. And then my foot is up against the gunwale. I lose my balance and knowing I've got to fall, go backward overboard between the hulls. I enter the water neatly, feet first, and plummet down into the depths of the green. I kick and pummel up towards the light and break the surface. Keith is calling to me. I am without a life jacket. He must be securing the dingy, I think. I shout that I am all right. Then, the water tight plastic bottle containing my anti-malaria pills pops up alongside me and floats off with the current between the hulls, under the boards, towards the stern and I kick off after them. I grab the container and put it back into my jacket pocket. Instantly, it pops up again alongside me. I retrieve it again and thrust it into my trouser pocket. The packet of Madison cigarettes, also from my jacket, surfaces and floats off – they are water logged and useless – but I recover them anyway and stuff them into my shirt pocket in the hope of drying them out. By this time I am floating off with the current between the hulls towards the stern. I grab the end of the rope, which fortuitously is dangling between the boards from the topside (deck planks). I hang on to it. I shout to Keith: "There is no hurry. I am on the end of a sheet. Take your time with the ladder. Don't hurry" I hang there between the hulls. The water is green and deep. I remark the smoothness and the height of the hulls. The water is colder than I would have thought possible. I wonder about crocodiles. ** I'd have worried as much about Nyaminyami**—Ed.

Keith seems to take an age to get the ladder down and secure it. When he does I swim back along between the hulls and climb up and onto the boards. "Thank you, Captain," I say. I stand there cold and dripping.

"Are you all right?" asks Keith.

"Yes. I'm fine", I say. "Not my day to drown".

"Best be careful if you've had a shock".

"No. No shock. Never feared for an instant that you wouldn't get me out.

"Best change into some dry clothes".

I strip off and go below. I can't believe I've been overboard, hove to in a calm, on the second day out. It happened so simply, so quickly. I feel rather foolish.

"Sorry, Captain", I say, when I am dryly shifted and return to the deck.

"It happens," says Keith graciously. "Better drink your tea while it's hot".

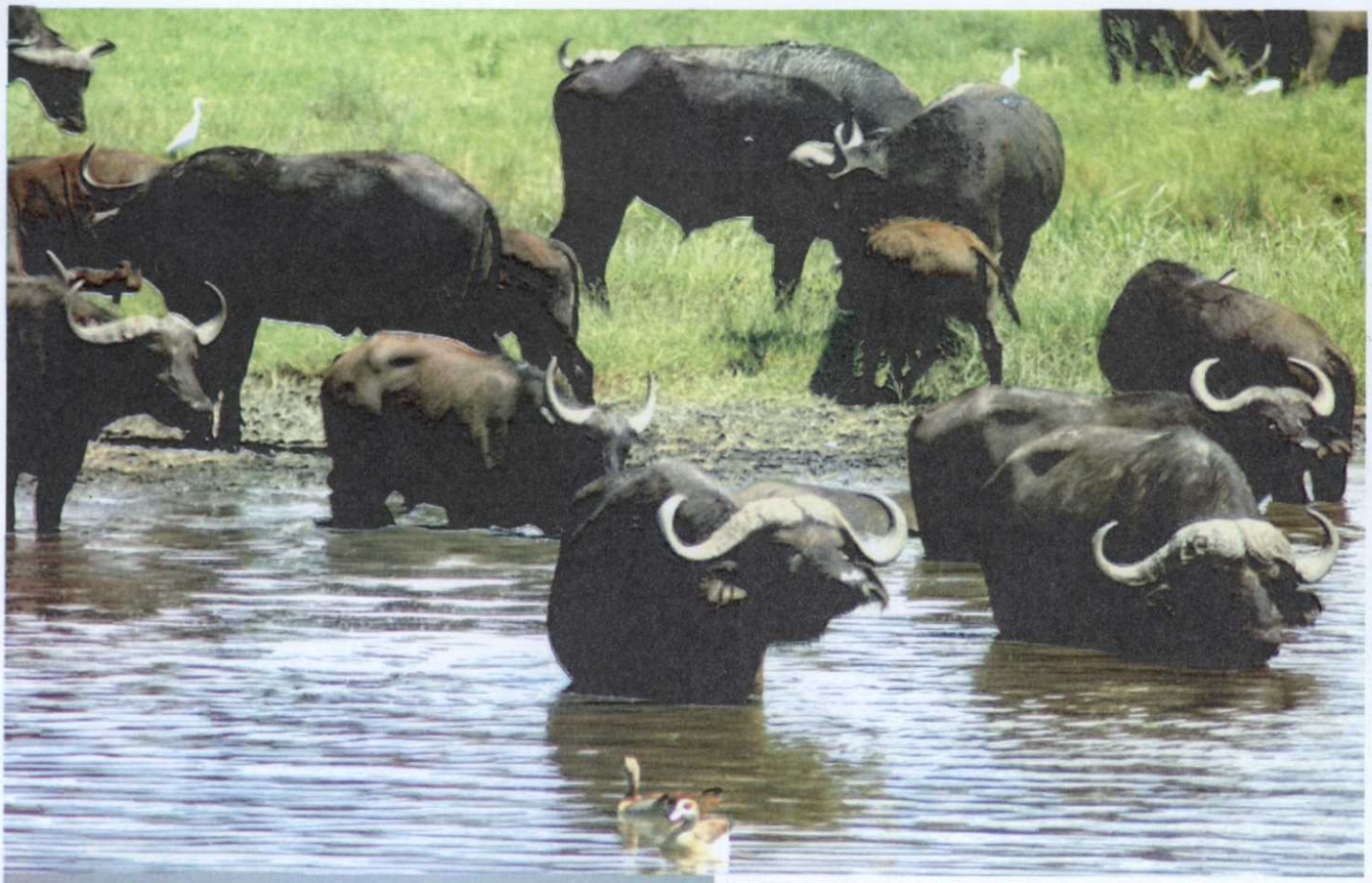
Keith starts the Seagull motor and we make way slowly across the lake. Surprisingly, soon afterwards, the wind picks up – forces 3 – 4 – and the atmosphere changes quickly in the basin. The sky is cloudy, indeed squally, and the Matusadona Mountains in the distance are shrouded with mist and grey sky soon extends all across the valley.

Nyaminyami—Zambesi River God

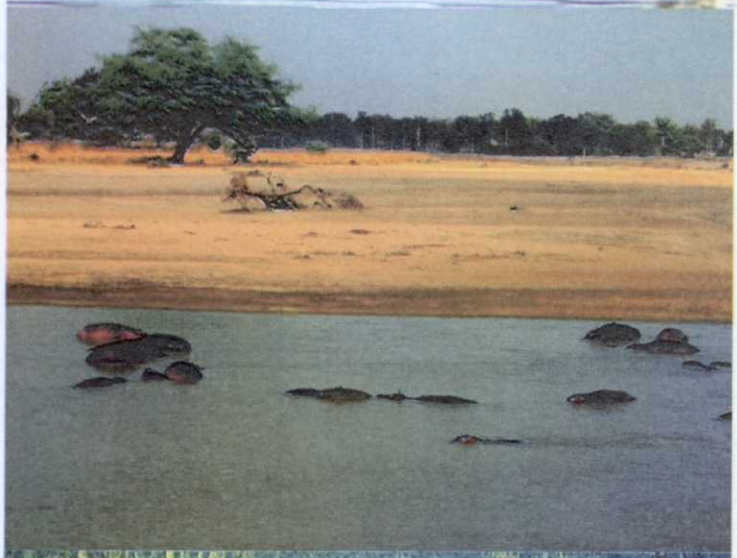
The name Kariba (Kariva - meaning trap) refers to a rock, which thrust out of the swirling water at the entrance to the gorge close to the dam wall site, now buried more than a hundred feet below the water surface. In many legends, this rock was regarded as the home of the great River god Nyaminyami, who caused anyone who ventured near to be sucked down forever into the depths of the river.

When the valley people heard they were to be moved from their tribal lands and the great Zambezi River blocked, they believed it would anger the river god so much that he would cause the water to boil and destroy the white man's bridge with floods.

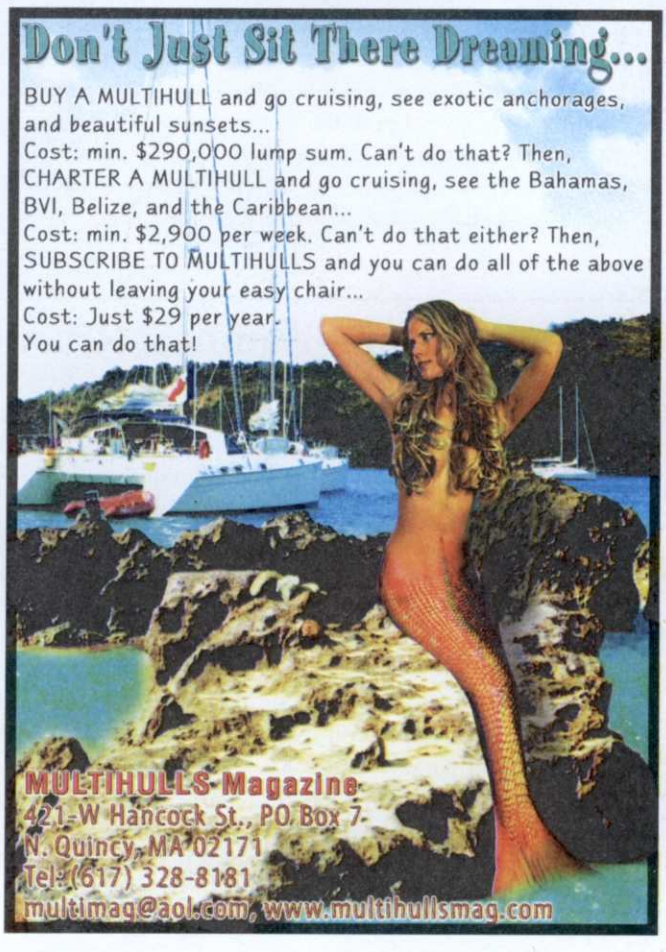
In 1957, a year into the building of the dam, the river rose to flood level, pumping through the gorge with immense power, destroying some equipment and the access roads. The odds against another flood occurring the following year were about a thousand to one - but flood it did - three metres higher than the previous year. This time destroying the access bridge, the cofferdam and parts of the main wall. Nyaminyami had made good his threat. He had recaptured the gorge. His waters passed over the wreckage of his enemies at more than sixteen million litres a second, a flood that, it had been calculated, would only happen once in ten thousand years. Although man eventually won the battle when the dam was finally opened in 1960, there was a whole new respect for the power of the river god.



Some of Africa's most dangerous animals seem so tranquil by the lakeside, the Cape Buffaloes above seem no more dangerous that the average herd of milk cows. The hippos at left seem as inactive and quiet as so many boulders but …



Part of the sunken Kariba Forest still visible



The water gets up. We've got the mizzen, the main, the jib and the jib top sail up and we are sailing good and fast. There is some pitch but little roll. Keith still worries about the dinghy, which is bouncing about astern and taking water and causing more drag than ever. He holds his hand to the wind, moves forwards and back, along the deck between the hulls, adjusting the sheets and adjusting the halyards. We are sailing well and fast and making eight to ten knots. " See that yellow patch on the shore over there?" says Keith, pointing towards the Matusadona. I look long and hard away over the bow to the fore. "See the herd of buffalo near the waters edge?" "Yes. Got them". Sunshine is radiating through the clouds and illuminating the shoreline five miles away. Black dots on a yellow streak on a brown line under a grey sky.

"Take the tiller and steer for them. We've got too much sail on". I scramble under the boom and take the tiller. He goes along the deck and lets go the jib topsail, furls it and tosses it down the forward hatch. He holds on to the main mast. Hand in the air and fingers extended, he tests the wind, all the time watching the shore line and the forests of petrifies trees that are coming up fast to port and to starboard. We run on in for a while through the gap, the shore coming closer and closer, and the buffalo taking form, heavy and black against the yellow of the sand veldt against the brown of the bush in the middle distance and blue of the hills on the horizon.

"We're going about," shouts Keith.

"OK" I shout back to him to tell him that I've heard him if nothing else. Keith is moving rapidly on the deck, wrestling with the sheets and the boom comes over, the sails clatter and clap and fill and we come about on the other tack and run towards another forest of dead trees. All the time Keith watching intently at the bow and given some minutes we go about again. Keith is working the sheets again and we drive on between the trees both to port and starboard. Another coppice is coming up quickly on the bow.

"Down wind" shouts Keith. "Tiller down wind". He is still facing forward with his back towards me. He gesticulates with his arm while holding a stay at the main mast with the other. I push the tiller over hard and fast and all the way. The bow points even more towards the trees. They are closer now.

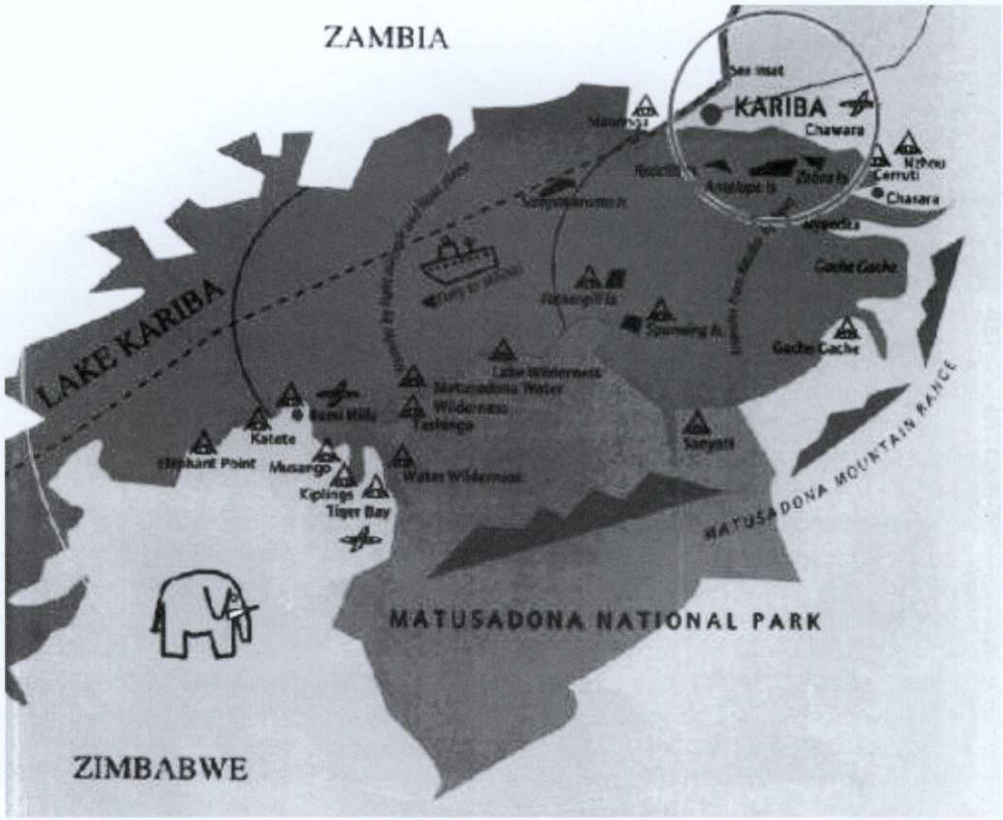
"You'll sink us", shouts Keith, turning around. "You'll sink us", he shouts again. I ram the tiller over the other way. The bow comes around slowly to point to clear water.

"Sorry, Captain", I shout.

"You mustn't make these exaggerated movements with the tiller", he shouts in exasperation. "Very good, Captain", I murmur, feeling very stupid and embarrassed. But it didn't matter, he didn't hear. He was already engaged in other tasks along the deck, feeling the wind and watching our progress. In due time he turned to the mast and dropped the main sail to bring the speed of the boat down. We are closing with another thicket of dead trees, the branches of which protrude above the surface of the water. Keith comes shambling aft quickly and rather frenetically bends to the outboard. He winds and pulls. And winds and pulls. The motor comes to life. We get steerage. We come to the quieter water in the inlet of Bumi East Bay and go in between the submerged tree lines, looking for a creek he knows in which too moor and tie up. He stands there, tall and heavily built, bow legged and in white shorts and shirt, and hair wind swept, looking intently at every creek we come upon on the port side. Then hurrying aft, he takes the tiller, and put us hard to port and cuts the engine. I go forward quickly to watch for obstacles. We dove fast into the creek. He puts the tiller over hard again to port and the speed comes off us immediately and gliding past a stump we ground the shore without a rasp. It was a most skilled manoeuvre. I jump ashore and tie up to dead trees. We had made landfall.

...Make sure you keep your distance from the hippos, as their unpredictable nature can see them turn on anyone, even kin!

"That's how I get my highs", says Keith.
"How's that, Captain?" I ask.
"Sailing like that for the last three hours".
"Oh", I say, "Is that not normal?"
"No", he retorts. "It certainly is not".
"We've had an adventure."
"We certainly have", says Keith. "We were going too quickly. Much too quickly. If the motor hadn't started when it did we would have blown on to the stumps and holed. And sunk".



I take stock of our surroundings. The sky is overcast, cloudy, grey blue and there is the hint of rain on the wind. A cold front from the south has invaded the valley basin and the temperature has plunged. In the creek we are safe from rough weather. The land of the flood plain is undulating, mounds and hillocks covered with yellow and orange and ochre dry grasses and interspersed with dead trees that stand silhouetted white against the darkening sky. When the lake first filled, most of this expanse was flooded. When the sun gets through everything shimmers brown and orange and ochre and yellow. It is a lonely and wild and formidable terrain where man is the intruder and the stranger.

It is already late afternoon and Keith is keen to paddle his offending new dinghy and investigate its qualities in the inlet. We bail her out. We are two big men in a tiny boat. And with Keith sculling the oars we set out in the twilight of the day. It begins to rain. We cross the deep water. We feel the wind, and the surface of the water is agitated. The gunwales are nearly awash and the dinghy performs beautifully. There is an Egyptian goose on an island, which eyes us watchfully but doesn't scare sufficiently to fly. Further, up river, a hippo surfaces and snorts. We give it a wide berth. We circumnavigate the deep water and make our way back.

It is nearly dark and nature calls. I take a torch and the adze, which Keith refers to as the 'device', over the hillock and out of sight of the 'Boa Gente'. It overlooks another pool and creek. A hippo is blowing and snorting deafeningly. I check out the surrounds as best I am able in the dying light for the other occupants of the wild. I dig a hole and squat. The hippo continues to frolic. Relieved I make my way back by the light of the torch. Suddenly, my eye is drawn to a curious object. I bend and pick up a round stone with a hole in it. I sense it is unusual.

Climbing aboard I find Keith is busy in the port cabin, which he uses as the galley. He comes up with sweat on his brow. "Found your way all right then", he says. "Frouwke's precooked curry and rice on the primus. Be ready soon". I get the whiskey bottle out and we sit on deck with a drink.

In the world Keith is a professor of geology. "What do you think of this, Captain?" I hand him the round stone, which he examines in the light of the tilley lamp. He clasps and weighs it in the palm of his hand.
"Now that is very strange", he says. "Limestone with a man made hole through it. Where on earth did you find it?"
"Over the crest of that hillock. Amongst other stones."
"Now that was very clever of you. Full marks."
"And so what is it?"
"I would say that it is the original BA Tonga fishing weight."
"Really?"
"Yes. That is an antiquity of the first order."
I feel good at his words. After the indignity of being man overboard and nearly sinking the BOA Gente all in one day. I feel a little redeemed.
"I want you to have it. Please take it."
"Not a chance. You must keep it," he insists. And so I will keep it as a token that was given up to me by Mother Africa as a reminder of an exciting and adventurous day.

There'll be more of Keith's African cruising in upcoming issues, as he's sent us a veritable tome — Ed

Letters Letters Letters Letters Letters

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post. It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns.

A letter given to Alex Heywood - UK, from Mark Langdon, about his boat which he sold to Mark , not yet a PCA member but has been invited:-)

Hi Alex,

Just a quick note to let you know how your boat is doing. So far, it's been across Biscay and cruised the French, Spanish and Portuguese coast and then hopped over to here I'm presently out of the water to do some repairs for a couple of weeks. Its non-stop sunshine here and I can't think of a better place to be stuck in. Congratulations on building an extremely strong boat. I thought I'd let you know that it's "hurricane Proof"! Three days ago, it met "Hurricane Vince" (apparently the first to develop on this side of the Atlantic)....aren't I just the lucky one? It's almost impossible to describe the weather in a letter, so I won't try, but enormous waves, shrieking wind, water everywhere, visibility zero, fear, disbelief and I didn't expect to be here. The boat took a SEVERE beating, but, all credit to its constructor, both boat and I are in one piece. Well, ... me anyway. I have to repair the blocks that hold the beams from moving side to side, because all 16 of them (and most of the blocks attached to the hulls) are totally smashed to pieces. I don't blame you in any way for the broken bits of boat. I knew the beams and blocks were a bit "iffy" when I bought the boat. The main problem (weather aside), seems to be the glue (expanding foam variety). Whatever glue it is, it maybe a good idea to refrain from using it on your new Wharram. It soaks water into the glued joint and keeps it there and then rots both sides of the wood it's attached to. Not a marine glue! Sorry to suggest boat building tactics to a boat builder, but I thought it may be useful to know for the new catamaran.

Anyway, hurricanes aside, I'm having a great time and have met some great people, also cruising the same route. Future plans are uncertain now. I was planning to go to the Canaries and across to the Caribbean but may winter in Senegal (west Africa) instead. I'll let you know later on how it's going. Thanks for turning out for the launch; it was good to see you there. I still haven't joined the PCA but it's on the long list of things to do. I hope all is well in Bexhill, I look forward to seeing you when I get back to RYE (hopefully next Spring/Summer).

This is letter number two; I'm terrible at sending letters and postcards and even worse at mailing them. I'll do it tomorrow! Have just arrived back in Portugal today *(the Algarve, Capo Maria, Portugal)*. The weather has been great for months, winter in the Canary Islands and Morocco), it's peeing down outside now. May have to slow progress down a bit, I'm catching winter up again. Hope all is well your end. Both me and the boat are fine and holding together. The plan is to come back to the UK soon and put the boat up for sale. I know.... Ahhh..... but I'll need something with more accommodation to live on in English winters. May have to give the boat a lick of paint first, its getting a little scruffy. Sprayhoods are a MUST! It would be a horribly wet ride without them. How is the new Wharram coming along? Will you keep that one or start on another one? I've yet to see another one sailing. Have seen a few dotted around the place in various states of disrepair and one beauty called "Tayo" I think. Are there any Wharram gatherings in the UK this year? It might be nice to go and chat with the other crazies.

Please let me know if you know of any. Anyway, its stopped raining now and I'm going to make supper.

All the best,

Mark.

Many thanks for the surprise awards (iron on badges) that awaited my return from my west coast/Orkney trip. I am indeed honoured, the badges look superb.

Do you have any PCA handout blurb available? I was approached several times whilst cruising this summer by both UK residents and Dutch and Norwegians who recognised Toroa as a Wharram. One sailor claimed to have been with James when Tehini crossed the Atlantic, but has subsequently lost touch. A sheet detailing contact address and website, perhaps with a pic of the cover of a recent mag and pics of the main Wharram classes of designs would be easy to distribute. Members could download and print off a small batch with no postage costs to the PCA.

I only had to put my waterproofs on for one afternoon of light drizzle during my four weeks away cruising recently...

Peter Richardson

Hi Peter,

Best blurbs are available from the website...

The application form for membership can be printed off **PLUS** we have a mini-magazine on the main page which is a 4 page mini magazine in pdf file format, just click on the picture of the magazine, it'll open the file and then you (or others) can print it.

I've included application form (in pdf format) as well as Sea People 64 (mini mag), these can be printed or put onto a floppy disk (but only just).

If you've got other suggestions on what could be distributed, please let me know. I think inexpensive PCA business cards would be good.

Like I said up at Loch Melfort, if you give an old copy of a mag to a potential member, we'll replace it....with some exceptions (issues before #21 are in very short supply, so hang on to those).

Ciao,

Dave

I've just loaded some videos (better ones in the future) to Google Video on the internet. It's free and no apparent limits.

Go to Google Video and search for Tangata

Enjoy

Rod Brown Tiki 26 *Tangata*

DITTY BAG

DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG

Free Advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle washer or bottom scrubber.

****** Ditty bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues** (to give other members space), if you sell, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed*

WANTED Tiki 30 or possibly similar
Wanting to move up from Tiki26.
Dave Yettram daveandjenny@jerseymail.co.uk
+44 (0) 1534 632060

WANTED Contact with Tiki 38, considering purchasing but would like to get a bit of experience with the marque. Experienced sailors.
Caspar (& Kate) Holst Devon
Casparholst@virgin.net

FOR SALE
HITIA14 "DUO"
Complete with road trailer, gaff rig, alloy mast.
Ready to sail. £650 or near offer
I am based in the Wirral, North West UK
Please call Brian Probert on 07967 800853

Tiki26 "ATEYA" grp professionally built circa 1991, 6hp engine new dinghy and outboard '06, deck tent, chemical wc, set up as 2 berth, various fenders, anchors, new lashings '06. Located Cowes, IOW, UK. Call Guy Willing 01983 872540 or 07891 734295 for more info. Asking £9750 ono

Various used anchors for sale
7kg **Plow** (CQR style) £20 7kg **Danforth** style £20
8kg **Brittany** (+4m of 10mm chain) £30
8kg **Delta** anchor£30
8 & 10mm short link anchor chain £2.00 & 2.75/metre
Lengths up to 30m available
Ken Hook email hook.ken@virgin.net Tel 01202 531445

Unused Tiki 46 plans for sale (#22) €1,950
Discussions with JWD led to decision for bigger boat.
Roland.scheule@searesort.info
Tel +49 751 76956 Mobile +49 171 8160270

Wot nothing else for sale/barter?

For Sale 1 Hinemoa hull
Unfinished project, part sheathed with Kevlar.
This comes complete with the plans to complete. Unfortunately for sale due to lack of time to complete. A great opportunity to get a good head start on a boat of your own for the silly price of £200.
Contact Si Belk on 01472 321753

Pahi 31 Rig for sale £250 Portsmouth area
Mast, rigging and sails (main, jib & staysail). All in fair to good condition. I am rerigging with a Tiki mainsail.
Dave Peak.dave.peak@ubs.com 00352 44 1010 6574

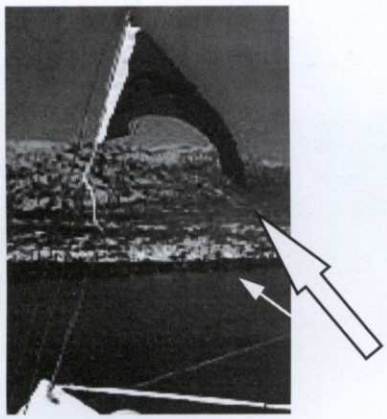
Tane4Sale
My *Tane LL* is now for sale with new beams, lashing like Tiki 26, more beam overall, new bridges, pod with lifting top, new cabintops, new tillers, new raised hulldecks etc.
price £5215 / € 7950
info : www.yspweb.net/Tane4Sale
e-mail: dihobi@web.de
Dirk Horstmann Tel. 0049 521 23 78 15

FOR SALE
6 inch x 27 foot aluminium mast. Made for Tiki 26 but overweight. Double sheave aft and double sheave forward integrated into spar. Professionally made by Sailspar. Rope clutches, tang backing plates and extras removed for new mast. Suitable as schooner rig for larger boat. Asking £150.00.
Located N. Devon. Call Jerry Slack 01271 817477

SINGLE SIDE BAND RADIO FOR SALE
Nev and I have decided our ocean crossing days are probably over. Our Kenwood TS-140S SSB is now for sale including our Smartuner SG-230 AUTOMATIC TUNER and associated wires and cables and an antenna. A new microphone is needed otherwise it all worked fine when last used two years ago with a borrowed mike. $300US plus shipping and it is yours. Or come to a US East Coast meet and take it home with you!
Ocean Weather Pilot Charts: South Pacific, Indian Ocean, Central American Waters & South Atlantic Ocean
Free if you pick them up! How about that?
Ann & Nev Clement
peacefour@pocketmail.com

Dittybag is now available online via the PCA Forum see website for details www.pca-seapeople.org
If you want to add a picture or an add to the online dittybag please send to pcapix@pca-seapeople.org

BOATS, SKIPPERS, CREW, BOATBUILDERS NEEDED for Canaries to Caribbean December 2006
Contact : jubilee@pca-seapeople.org or PCA Office



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Reading matter? Back numbers of course!

Committee member Gerald Winkler shows

our Burgee in the Adriatic That's the way to do it!

Polynesian Catamaran Association

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****COLOURS** W=White N=Natural A=Ash NB=NavyBlue Bk=Black BG=BottleGreen Bl=RoyalBlue SB=SkyBlue S=Sunflower Z=Zinc K=Khaki OG=OliveGreen R=Red Bg=Burgundy DNB=DeepNavyBlue, G=Gold, GR=Grey, O=Orange, H=Heather P=Purple, EG=Emerald Green, KG=Kelly Green

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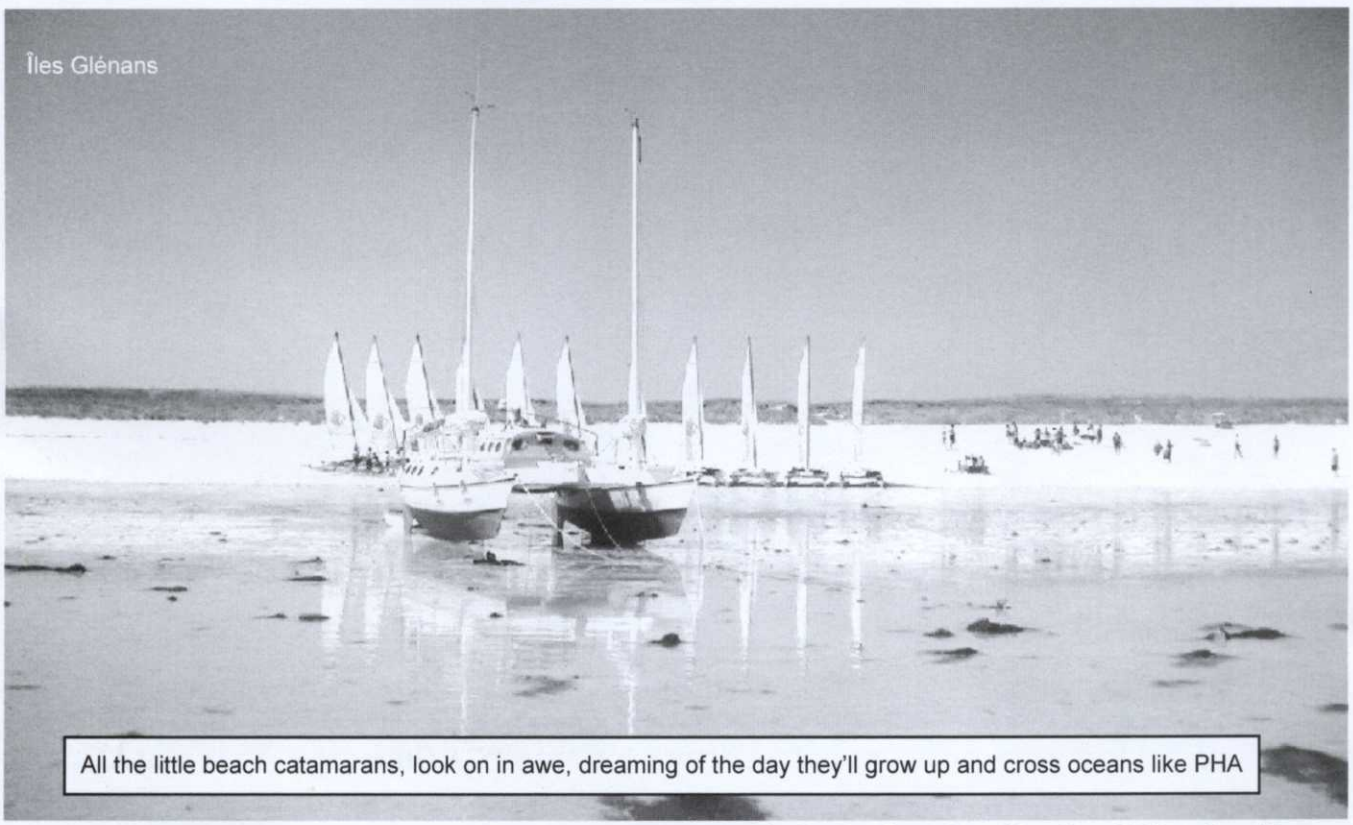
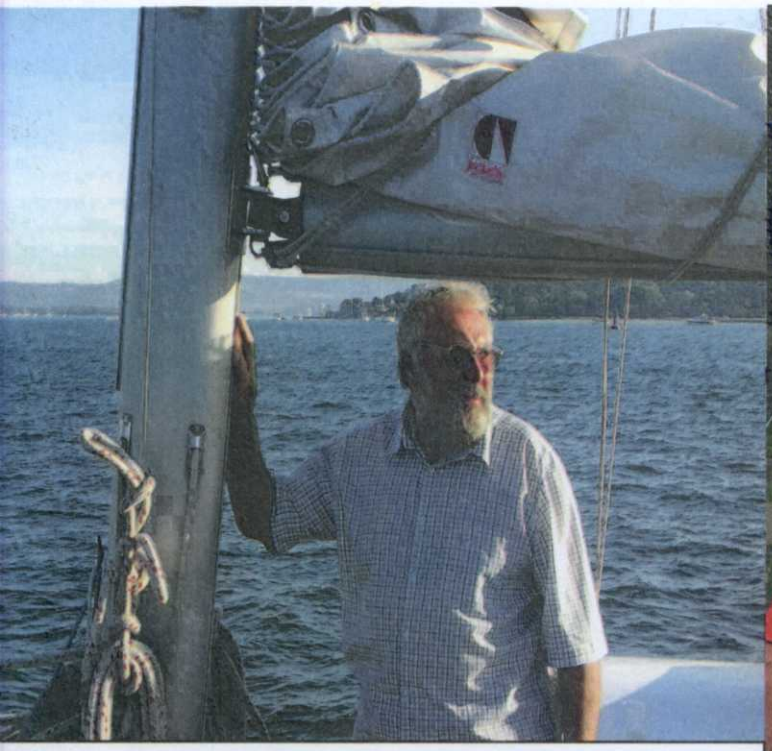
OUR ADDRESS: **PCA ORDERS, 118 HOWETH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, DORSET BH10 5NS, UK.**

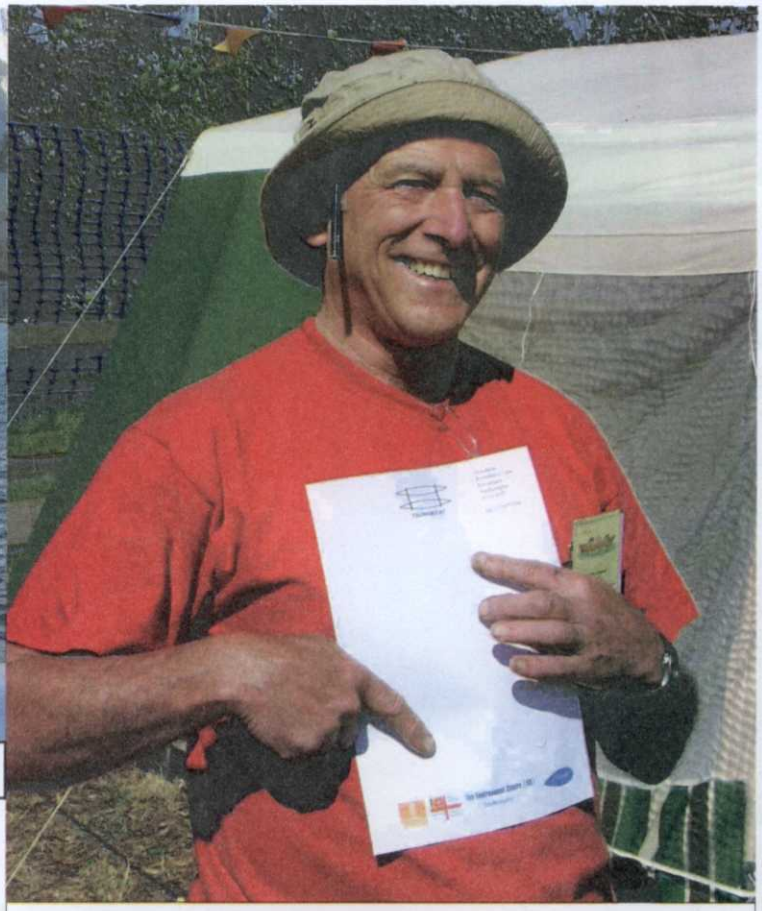


All the little beach catamarans, look on in awe, dreaming of the day they'll grow up and cross oceans like PHA

FACES OF SEA PEOPLE



John Gonco on his Tehini *Windcat* visiting Poole Harbour



Colin Jones, pointing out his charity, while at the Beale Park show. The charity has supplied 100 basic paddling catamarans to victims of the Boxing Day Tsunami

Helen Cartwright aboard *Mango Elephant* in Studland Bay

Robert Sheridan, owner and skipper of *Mango Elephant*